

# The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

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## THE FRATS

### A Look Backward



ULY 11, the Frats convene at Atlanta, in triennial convention for the purpose of deciding on policies and leaders for the 1921-1924 period. "Atlantylene," the event that has been specially marked in every good Frat's calendar then comes to pass. It will be a week of combined business and pleasure—the events of the latter kind being open to all make the gathering of interest to others than the members themselves. It is fitting that the readers of THE SILENT WORKER should be told something about this wonder of the deaf world—the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf—and the following article, supplied by one of the society's officers, is timely indeed.

Eighteen years ago, several young fellows in school at the Michigan School for the Deaf, at Flint, Mich., conceived the idea of having a "lodge" of their very own, with all the mysteries, secrecy and mutual protection that they had learned their hearing brethren were getting in theirs. Thus was born the original F. S. D.—the frats.

We have been told—not being among the historical several ourselves—that the new lodge also had as one of its reasons for coming into existence a desire to have an organization that could rally in the "all for one" spirit when the physical or mental peace of any of its members was in danger of being disturbed by the bigger boys of the clan, and right here was gained the elemental that has such a great place in the society's precepts today.

Later on, when schooldays were over, the plans for a national society, with branch lodges in different cities, a grand lodge and grand officers, and having sick, accident and death

benefit features, was formulated. Consideration was also given to the fact that it was as hard for a deaf man to get into any of the established fraternal societies, or to get life insurance, at that time as for the proverbial camel to go through the needle's eye. Then it was that the Fraternal Society of the Deaf came into existence.

Its first Convention was more of a meeting for the purpose of organizing than anything else, but a set of officers was elected and a constitution and by-laws adopted. Chicago was the home of its first Secretary, and Chicago organized the first Division, which explains why Michigan had to be content with Division No. 2 (Detroit). The Society also was incorporated in Illinois, under the general incorporation laws, and Chicago made the location of the home office.

For the first two years the Society promised to pay but a \$50.00 death benefit—in 1903 this was increased to \$75.00. The idea was to such benefits in amounts not exceeding the sum in dollars that could be realized by an assessment of \$1.00 on each member, and the fund for such was to be raised as needed, when a death occurred. A monthly due of 50 cents was collected from each member and the fund thus created and accumulated was utilized for the paying of disability (sick and accident) benefits which were then as now, \$5.00 weekly and for running expenses. It will be seen right here where the first unwitting mistake was made—an equal payment by all regardless of ages.

### From Grand President Anderson

IN this issue the WORKER gives to its readers the story of a great organization of the deaf.

It is not new, this story of the rise and growth of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Nor is it old as we measure the years of its existence. It is less than a quarter of a century since its birth, at Flint, Michigan. But it is none the less a story of the initiative, capacity, and resources of the deaf to take a movement, founded on the right principles of co-operation, and mould it into the strength and vitality its record shows it is to-day.

As an official, it is indeed a pleasure and a privilege to have this opportunity to send my greetings and the greetings of some 5000 proud wearers of the little frat button to the WORKER's army of readers, many of whom are members of the fraternity.

It is not my purpose to more than say a fore-word, leaving the details of its record and the statistical side of the story to others.

It is no mean honor to be the head of such an organization. For nine years the membership has put the responsibility, the honor and the service of a trust on me. During that long period I have had an intimate knowledge of the system, and its workings with the loyal co-operation of its membership; and to-day I can but feel that the record of the society in fraternity, in beneficence, in financial strength, and in all the elements that go towards making it the representative organization of our class is deserving of all the praise and pride that the pages of the WORKER is here reflecting in this Frat issue.

On such fundamentals are the verities of fraternity founded. As such, the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf will endure, to-day, to-morrow and in the years to come, for I am firm in the faith that it is a necessary part of the life and well-being of our class.

H. C. ANDERSON.

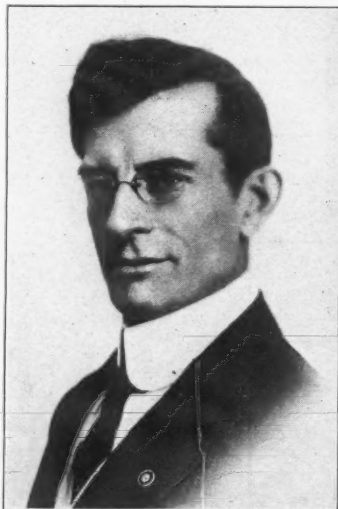
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA,  
June 4, 1921.

In July, 1903, the first real convention, with delegates, was held at Chicago, at which several changes in the laws were made and new officers elected. At that time there were three

Divisions, Chicago, Detroit and Saginaw. Delegates represented each, and with the grand officers made up the Convention. Thus was representative government started.

The period between the 1903 Convention and that in 1905, held at Detroit, was the most stormy in the Society's history, and perhaps would best be passed over, but we wish to mention some of its incidents to show what staying powers the original Frats had at the start, as well as later on. In 1905 a shortage of some \$700.00 was discovered in the Treasurer's accounts, and subsequent mix-ups resulted in the expulsion of three of the grand officers and the resignation of others. How-

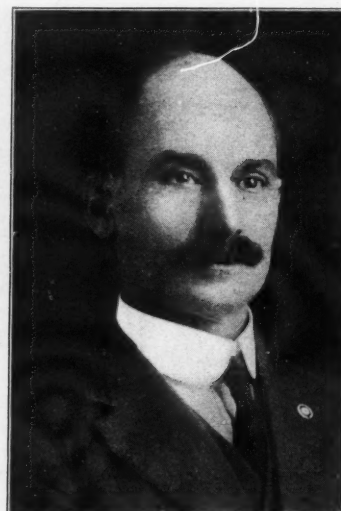
ever, there were stout hearts to take hold and fill the vacancies thus created and endeavor to tide over the near-catastrophe until the Convention scheduled for the summer could make permanent arrangements for the future. These happenings did a lot to hurt confidence on the outside of the order, and on the inside cause a few to waver. One inside result was the subsequent disbanding of Division No. 6, because of its leaders losing faith, but this was about the only case of "cold feet" brought out. The Detroit Convention, in July, 1905, elected a new set of officers and made new laws governing financial matters—and since then there has been no trouble of any kind.



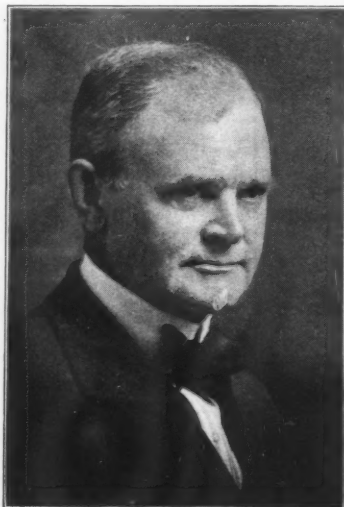
Harry C. Anderson, President, Indianapolis, Ind.; is serving his third term. Joined in 1910. Employed with the Farmer's Trust Company of the city; married; graduate of the Indiana school.



William L. Davis, 1st Vice-President, Philadelphia, Pa.; serving his third term. Joined in 1910. With the Lehigh Valley R. R.; married; graduate of the Pennsylvania (Mt. Airy) school.



H. Lorraine Tracy, 2nd Vice-President, Baton Rouge, La.; serving his third term. Joined in 1910. Instructor at the Mississippi school; married; graduate of the Iowa school and Gallaudet college.



Edward H. McIlvain, 3rd Vice-President, Olathe, Kans. He succeeded Arthur L. Roberts, resigned. Joined in 1907. Teacher at the Kansas school; married; graduate of the Ohio school.



Alexander L. Pach, 4th Vice-President, New York, N. Y.; serving his first term on the Board. Joined in 1909. Manager Pach Photograph Co.; married; graduate of the New York (Fanwood) school.



Leon A. Fisk, 5th Vice-President, Los Angeles, Calif. He succeeded Melville J. Matheis, resigned. Joined in 1911. Automobile mechanic; single; graduate of the Wisconsin school.



It was a costly lesson, and it is very likely that it was about what was needed to prevent repetitions. Shipwreck was near, indeed, that year.

At the Detroit Convention the death benefit was increased to \$200.00, in proportion to the increase in membership. Divisions Nos. 1 to 8 were represented at this meeting, and a good deal of the foundation for the future was laid there.

From 1905 to 1907, under the new order of things, the Society prospered and grew in a satisfactory manner. Just prior to the Convention scheduled for 1907 it was found that new articles of incorporation would have to be taken out, and

in order to properly cancel the old ones the name of the Society would have to be changed, as well as the methods of doing business—the latter because of the increased death benefit it wished to pay.

At the Convention held in Cincinnati, in July, 1907, the name of the Society was changed to the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, and the Board of Directors empowered to secure a charter from the Insurance Department of the State of Illinois, thus placing it in the class of the fraternal beneficiary associations duly licensed to transact business, instead of being under the general incorporation laws and merely a sort



Thomas J. Blake, 6th Vice-President, Akron, Ohio; serving his first term on the Board. Joined in 1914. Tire worker. single; graduate of the Maryland school.



Francis P. Gibson, Secretary, Chicago, Ill.; serving his fourth term. Joined in 1903. Married; educated in Chicago public schools.



Edward M. Rowse, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, Chicago, Ill.; serving his second term on the Board. Joined in 1910. Single; educated in public schools of Plymouth, Mass., graduate of Gallaudet college.



George F. Flick, Chairman of Trustees, Chicago, Ill.; serving his third term. Joined in 1912. Pastor of All Angels' Episcopal church for the deaf; married; graduate of the Ohio school and Gallaudet college.



Harrison M. Leiter, Trustee, Chicago, Ill.; serving his second term. Joined in 1910. Clerk in Corn Exchange National Bank; married; educated at the Illinois school.



Washington Barrow, Trustee, Chicago, Ill.; serving his first term in this office, served four terms as Treasurer. Joined in 1901. Clerk with Firemen's Insurance Company; married; educated at the Illinois school.

of burial association, as its original papers classed it. At this Convention, Divisions Nos. 1 to 5 and 7 to 18 were represented, and the death benefit increased to \$500.00.

On December 2, 1907, the Insurance Department of the State of Illinois gave the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf its charter, and the one under which it is operating today.

This may by many be considered the Society's real birthday, dating as it does the new order of things. However, we who have grown up with it, borne with it its sorrows and joys, watched it grow from a puny, sickly infant into as husky a youngster as anyone would wish to own, prefer to disregard the "second birthday" and celebrate the original. In later years, perhaps, the Frats will prefer to do differently—until then the old boys should have their way. There were 511 charter members named on the list filed with the Insurance Department.

Between 1907 and 1909, several reforms and improvements were instituted and with excellent management and good laws the Society's advance was rapid. During this period, agitation was had toward adopting the National Fraternal Congress table of rates, the fallacy of the old method of equal dues to all and assessment on the death of a member having been learned and a change proven necessary if the Society was to live and grow to the position it expected and deserved.

At the Convention of 1909, held at Louisville in July, Mr. Charles E. Piper, at that time President of the National Fraternal Congress, addressed the Grand Division, and as a result the N. F. C. rates were adopted. The new rates went into effect the following month with new members and in January they covered the entire membership. That this was the wisest piece of legislation in the Society's history subsequent events have proven.

At the Louisville Convention, 23 Divisions were represented—from Nos. 1 to 25, omitting No. 6, disbanded, and No. 19, suspended. At this meeting a change was made for the holding of Conventions triennially instead of biennially, and among other improvements adopted was the placing of the Secretary's office on a regular salary basis, adding to the home office equipment and the leasing of better office space.

The next Convention was held at Columbus in July, 1912, with 33 Divisions on the roll. The report of the Society's Actuary, Mr. Frederick A. Draper, was the most important matter discussed. It showed that in figuring up the reserve accumulation to the members' credit there was a deficit of about 30 per cent, which would have to be made up in order to bring the reserve fund to its proper standing, the deficiency being due to an error made back in 1909 in rating old members at their entry ages, instead of attained ages. The method of adjustment Mr. Draper advised meant another call on the old members' pockets, but once more was their faith in the Society's destiny shown, and the necessary change adopted.

Today the reserve fund shows a surplus of 31 percent, instead of a deficit of 30.

In July, 1915, the Convention was held in Omaha. Fifty Divisions were represented on its roll. Much in the way of constructive legislation was done there and certificates for \$2,000 were authorized. At this meeting the pace was set for others to follow in the way of initiation ceremonies, and the social side of the week was given deserved prominence, so that visitors, non-members and the ladies had attention and were made to feel that they were welcome at all but the business meetings.

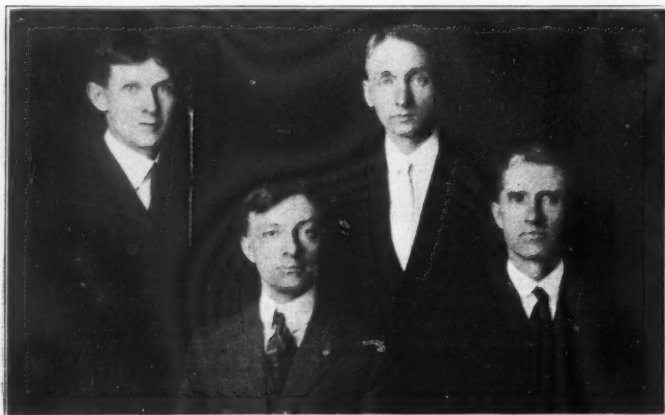
Philadelphia was host to the 1918 Convention and that it was a great meeting anyone who was there will testify to. Changes in the organizing work and the opening of three new classes of insurance, on the American Experience table of rates, were two of the main results arrived at there.

Atlanta now is the Frats' Mecca. Toward it all roads will lead in July. What Atlanta will supply in the way of an entertaining time during the week has been announced, and the South's renowned hospitality is back of it all. What the Convention itself will do is another story as yet unwritten—but the officers and delegates know there will be work a-plenty.

At Atlanta you will be told how the Society has over \$300,000.00 in its treasury; 5,000 members on its rolls; 83 active Divisions (lodges); membership drawn from all parts of the country, with scattered representatives in Mexico, Canada and Great Britain; and how, licensed and doing business in 35 states—with these states putting their "O. Ks" on its standing—it has the approval, respect and recognition the deaf in their organizations and movements have striven for so long. And, what is more, it has the confidence of its members—their backing to the limit.

This in brief is the history of the Society's progress—the retrospect we set out to take. We make no effort to name individual members who did more than others in the results shown—they were many, and many were the times when they stood by, many the times when even the most optimistic and stout-hearted were appalled by conditions confronting them. With doubt, distrust and knocking on the outside, wreckers and trouble-makers (at one time) misunderstandings, unrest and recurring appeals for more money on the inside, the pioneers certainly had their troubles. All those things are a part of history now. There is credit and glory enough for all who had parts in its making.

A monument to their education and to their Americanism, the Society's success and prosperity is due wholly to the loyalty of the membership body, to the rank and file, and to the fact that it is just what its name implies, all in all of, for and by the deaf.



A QUARTETTE OF PIONEER FRATS

We present herewith the portraits of Brothers Peter N. Hellers, John Polk (seated), Alexander McCuaig and John G. T. Berry (standing), who hold, respectively, the Society's certificates bearing Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4. They are members of Detroit Division and still among the enthusiasts, even though their service stripes entitle them to retire on their laurels. Going back to the birth of the Society—the Fraternal Society of the Deaf—we find all four of them among the founders and first Grand Officers, as President, 1st Vice-President, 2nd Vice president and Treasurer, respectively. Brother Hellers has also held the office of 2nd Vice-President of the N. F. S. D., in the 1907-1909 term. It is apparent that all are charter members of the Make-Good Degree—as well as of the Society and of Detroit Division. They have made good outside of the Society as well and are prosperous and respected members of Detroit's flourishing colony of the deaf.

## HOW THE N. F. S. D. HAS GROWN SINCE ITS CHARTERING IN 1907

	Members	Assets in Hand	Insurance in Force
December 31, 1907.....	520	\$ 3,066.50	\$ 260,000.00
December 31, 1908.....	597	4,905.58	298,500.00
December 31, 1909.....	774	6,692.73	387,000.00
December 31, 1910.....	989	10,783.39	488,250.00
December 31, 1911.....	1099	18,731.71	705,950.00
December 31, 1912.....	1319	28,013.88	876,050.00
December 31, 1913.....	1586	45,913.19	1,079,950.00
December 31, 1914.....	1917	66,175.59	1,294,450.00
December 31, 1915.....	2075	86,209.85	1,417,200.00
December 31, 1916.....	2520	114,122.28	1,779,750.00
December 31, 1917.....	3137	152,363.03	2,297,750.00
December 31, 1918.....	3640	179,305.25	2,719,750.00
December 31, 1919.....	4113	221,763.76	3,191,500.00
December 31, 1920.....	4807	281,418.90	3,855,750.00

## BENEFITS PAID TO DECEMBER 31, 1920.

Death Benefits.....	\$101,893.41
Sick and Accident Benefits.....	51,735.00
Total.....	\$153,628.41



PIEDMONT HOTEL  
Convention Headquarters, July 11-16, 1921

## OFFICIAL PROGRAM

## Monday, July 11, 1921.

Morning: Opening session.  
Afternoon: Business session.  
Evening: Reception.

## Tuesday, July 12.

Morning: Business session.  
Afternoon: Business session.  
(Sight-seeing trips for delegates and officers just before sunset.)

Evening: Watermelon cutting.

## Wednesday, July 13.

Morning: Business session.  
Afternoon: Business session.  
Evening: Banquet and ball.

## Thursday, July 14.

All-day outing and barbecue at Stone Mountain.

## Friday, July 15.

Morning: Business session.  
Afternoon: Business session.  
Evening: Smoker—Initiation.

## Saturday, July 16.

Morning: Business session.  
Afternoon: Business session.  
Evening: Open.

## On to Atlanta

By A. L. PACH.



THE NATIONAL FRATERNAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF gets older and stronger, of course its Triennial Conventions grow more popular and draw larger and larger crowds. The meeting this summer is to be held July 11th-16th, besides the regular delegates and Grand Officers, who number almost a hundred, there will be a larger number of visitors, and as a half rate returning has been granted the Frats if 350 going certificates are presented, there seems little doubt of the concession being secure, as quite a number of alternates, as well as wives of delegates are going, and as all tickets bought for Atlanta costing 67 cents or more are counted, the half fare returning is pretty close to a sure thing.

Those going from, and through New York City, have booked reservations for the Savannah steamship "City of Montgomery," sailing from New York at three o'clock P. M. on Thursday, July 7th, and the passenger department of the line reserved the twenty-five best rooms on the hurricane deck of the ship for the party, and seventeen of these rooms (accommodating two persons in each) are already taken, which will make it the largest party of deaf people that ever left New York in a body to attend a convention.

A great many will be aboard for their first trip on the ocean, and a number have never been down the bay, and to these the trip will be of greatest interest.

The City of Montgomery is a single screw steel steamship 398 feet in length, 50-foot beam, has a displacement of 6200 tons. Including her officers the ship carries a crew of 83 persons. Their fittings throughout have been given considerable thought with a view to providing passengers a maximum of comfort. Practically all rooms have windows opening on deck and in a number of instances the doors, as well, open likewise.

The City of Montgomery has a total of 63 first class rooms accommodating 126 passengers. Her stateroom accommodation include six suites de luxe each providing a large room with bed and exclusive use of connecting private bath. There are also two private bath suits each of four rooms, containing regulation upper and lower berths. There are also two bath privilege suites, one of two and the other three rooms, the occupants of which have access to connecting bath. Public baths are also provided on the Main Deck aft.

These ships are provided with commodious social halls and promenade decks, and on the promenade deck forward is also located the ship's smoking room, where all the creature comforts possible are provided for the male passenger.

Steamer chairs may be hired at a nominal cost from the Steward aboard ship and with the ample deck space available for lounging and other forms of recreation, these chairs grow to be regarded as one of the particularly attractive features of service.

The dining rooms are conducted on the table d'hote plan and special attention both in the purchase and preparation of food supplies has gained for the Savannah Line a most enviable reputation.

The first night out of New York Atlantic City is easily visible under favorable conditions at about 10:00 P. M. The course at this point is about fourteen miles off shore.

The following evening, at about 9 or 10 o'clock, the course of the steamer carries it very close to Diamond Shoal Lightship (Cape Hatteras). This ship is anchored at a point approximately fifteen miles off shore, opposite Cape Hatteras Light.

The third evening at sea the course lies about forty miles off the South Carolina shore, the ship being about opposite Charleston in the neighborhood of midnight. Savannah is usually reached early the following morning and the trip up the Savannah River is one which is well worth early rising to see.

Captain M. A. Mammond of the S. S. City of Montgomery, has been in Savannah Line service continuously for twenty-nine years, the last fourteen of which he has held the rank of Master.



T. P. Smith, Chief Engineer, has been in Savannah Line service thirty-five years, the last twenty of which he has held the rank of Chief Engineer.

J. J. Walsh, Chief Steward of the City of Montgomery, has been continuously in Savannah Line service for twenty-nine years, during twenty-five of which he has been engaged as Chief Steward.

Miss I. A. Johnson, the ship's Stewardess, has been continuously identified with this line as such for a total of twenty-two years.

It may be interesting to some to know that while the City of Montgomery was not engaged in trans-Atlantic service during the World War, her Master was quite actively engaged in that service, making two trips to Rotterdam in December, 1914, and February, 1915, also a trip to France in April, 1915, all three as Master of S. S. City of Savannah.

On December 2, 1915, in command of the same ship he sailed from New York on a trip which consumed all the intervening time to and including October 27, 1916. This voyage, which has become more or less famous in Coastwise shipping annals, included Spain and a number of South African points.

Chief Steward Walsh was a member of the crew of the Savannah on this and her other trans-Atlantic trips.

The party of New York voyagers will have had the pleasure of viewing New York's unsurpassed harbor beauties, and out through the narrows, and into Ambrose Channel, out past Ambrose Lightship, and the Sandy Hook Lightship the vessel's course will be pretty much the same as if she were bound for Queens-town, but now she bears away to the south, and by the time we have Barnegat light abeam, our passengers will be discussing their first dinner at sea, and for that in July, will be very much on the order of the following:

DINNER		
Consomme Royale		Mock Turtle
Sliced Beets		Mixed Sweet Pickles
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Baked Weak Fish, Butter Sauce		
Potatoes Julienne		
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Banana Fritters, Vanilla Sauce		
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Salmi of Duck with Olives		
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Roast Prime Ribs of Beef Au Jus		
Mashed Potatoes		Green Peas
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Sweet Corn		
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Lettuce with French Dressing		
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Chocolate Pudding, Cream Sauce		
Vanilla Ice Cream		Assorted Pastry
American Cheese		Toasted Crackers
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Coffee		

Dinner over, the usual after dinner promenade of the deck is in order, and there will be dancing and card-parties each evening, as well as sports and races each day. After a good night's rest in the very comfortable beds, and seven o'clock next morning will find the deck promenaders on their rounds again to acquire a fitting appetite to do justice to the breakfast menu that follows:

BREAKFAST		
	Fruit	
<hr/>		
	Boiled Hominy	
Grape Nuts		Post Toasties
<hr/>		
	Boiled Schrod, Maitre D'Hotel	
	Boiled Potatoes	

#### Eggs to Order

Corned Beef Hash with Poached Egg  
Lyonnais Potatoes

Broiled Sirloin Steak

Breakfast Bacon

Cucumbers

Buckwheat Cakes, Maple Syrup	Rolls	Toast
Corn Muffins	Tea	Coffee
Fresh Milk		Malted Milk

And then begins another of those happy care-free days at sea, with all its interesting features from watching the log roll up the miles to sitting in with the wireless operator and watch him do his work, to inspecting the engine rooms, or answering the summons to view a passing ship. If you haven't all the reading matter you want, the ship's library will furnish you a plenty and the Steward's department furnishes smokes, candy and the like.

Friday night one retires regretting that it is not a longer voyage, and then comes Saturday with another day sea-doings, and after a third night's rest in the comfortable staterooms, Sunday morning will require very early rising to view the scenic beauties of the Savannah river, for it is a long entrance to the port of embarkation, just as it is at Norfolk, at Charleston, and at Jacksonville on ocean going steamers.

The Deaf of Savannah are making plans to receive the New York party, and to do the honors in good style, including a trip sight seeing, after which the voyagers will embark on the Central of Georgia Railway for Atlanta, the Mecca of deaf tourists this summer, as it will be again in the summer of 1923.

Grand Vice-President Alexander Pach, of the N. F. S. D., planned and arranged the sea trip detailed above, and reservations may be made through him, and while only rooms for 50 persons are being held, late comers may still secure passage, though there is little likelihood that any more of the hurricane deck staterooms will be available by the time that this is in print.

## The City of Atlanta

Atlanta is situated in the north central portion of Georgia, near the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, on a ridge which divides the watershed of the Atlantic from that of the Gulf of Mexico. It is 1,050 feet above the level of the sea, being in this respect the highest city of its size or larger in the United States, east of Denver. The Chattahoochee River, which flows within eight miles of the city, is the source of its water supply and hydro-electric current. The city lies in the heart of one of the richest regions in the world and yet one which is far from fully developed. Georgia is the largest state east of the Mississippi River; it contains 59,475 square miles, and only about 12,000,000 of its 34,000,000 acres of tillable soil are under cultivation. Even so, the great size of the state and the remarkable development which has and is going on make it today the sixth state in the Union in agricultural values.

#### Interesting Facts Concerning Atlanta.

Atlanta is the financial center and central distribution point of the Southeast.

Ninety thousand merchants in the Southeast trade in Atlanta.

Atlanta's population is over 230,000. In 1850 it was 2,500. Since that time it has never gained less than 30-



"A BUNCH OF ATLANTA HUSTLERS"

per cent in ten years and once gained over 300 per cent, the average being 100 per cent per decade.

Atlanta has 20 banks and trust companies.

Five hundred factories turning out more than 1,000 articles.

Value of Atlanta's manufactures, upward of \$75,000,000 each year.

Postoffice receipts for the past year were \$2,525,597.41.

Assessed value of Atlanta property is \$258,907,341.

Atlanta leads the entire South in building construction.

Forty-four hotels with more than 3,000 rooms.

Atlanta is the Convention City of the South.

Is one of the most healthful cities in the country.

Atlanta has 272 churches representing 20 denominations.

The most important automobile center of the South.

Atlanta has 425 miles of water mains—32,900 water connections.

Eighteen public parks and playgrounds, valued at \$1,853,625.

Atlanta has 116 educational institutions.

Atlanta has an auditorium with a seating capacity of 8,000.

Atlanta liberally supports an annual season of Metropolitan Grand Opera.

Most of the important Government activities for the Southeast (military and non-military) are now and were during the war, located in Atlanta. This includes the Red Cross, Liberty Loan, War Industries Board, etc.

Atlanta is the film distributing headquarters for the Southeast.

Headquarters for the Southeastern railroads, telegraph, telephone and express companies, railway mail service, insurance underwriters, U. S. Public Health Service, Federal Board for Vocational Education. Quartermaster Depot, and many other organizations, are in Atlanta.

Atlanta has the largest ostrich farm east of the Rocky Mountains, with over one hundred birds. Open all the year.

Atlanta has a good aeroplane landing field.

The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce owns its building, in which are quartered its own offices, meeting rooms, assembly hall and offices of such organizations as the Atlanta Freight Bureau, Georgia Chamber of Commerce, Georgia Manufacturers' Association, Atlanta Convention Bureau Coal Merchants' Association, Printers' Board of Trade and the Boy Scouts of America.

Atlanta has a completely motorized fire department, with fifteen stations and 212 picked men.

The Southeastern Fair, one of the largest and best agricultural and live stock exhibits in the country, was founded by the Chamber of Commerce and is held annually at its permanent home in Atlanta.

Atlanta is the second largest mule market in the country. Cattle, hogs and sheep also find a ready market in Atlanta.

Atlanta has more miles of street railway per thousand population than any other city in the country except Salt Lake City.

Atlanta has the best hotels in the South.

Atlanta is the largest manufacturer of soft-drink syrups in the world and has more fine, well-run soda fountains than any other city of its size.

The first casket factory in the South was built in Atlanta, and Atlanta makes more burial goods than any other southern city.

Atlanta has the largest commercial printing plants in the South and has more publications than any other southern city.

Atlanta has the only factory in the south making a full line of school and college stationery, envelopes, tablets and box stationery.

Atlanta leads in machinery for sharpening safety razor blades.

Atlanta has the largest overhauled locomotive business in the South, and the largest rebuilt car and locomotive plants in the country, with pay-rolls aggregating half a million annually.

Atlanta has a large spring vehicle plant.



ATLANTA'S EVER CHANGING SKYLINE

The largest manufacturer of corrugated culverts in the South, and one of the five largest in the country, has headquarters and a large factory in Atlanta.

Atlanta leads in the manufacture of ladies' and children's hats.

Atlanta is the South's manufacturer of ornamental terracotta.

Atlanta is the center of the photo-engraving industry of the South.

Atlanta is the largest manufacturer of market and packing house coolers in the South.

Atlanta has the pioneer packing plant in the South.

Atlanta has the largest shoe manufacturer south of Virginia.

Atlanta has the largest mail order seed house in the country.

Atlanta leads in the manufacture of paper boxes, including corrugated shipping cases.

Atlanta has the largest secret society paraphernalia house in the south.

Atlanta's foundries and machine shops are surpassed by none. They make sugar mills for Cuba and Louisiana.

Atlanta is one of the largest manufacturers of furniture in the South.

Atlanta has more overall factories than any city in the South.

Atlanta is the largest manufacturer of mattresses in the South.

Atlanta is one of the largest manufacturers and distributors of high-grade lumber and lumber products in the South.

Atlanta has several good paint factories.

Atlanta is the Southeastern headquarters for window and plate glass.

Atlanta is the largest manufacturer of high-grade candies in the South.

Atlanta is noted for the great diversity of its manufacturing interests, and there is plenty of room for others.

#### WHAT THE RAILROADS OFFER THE FRATS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

Railroad associations have granted a special rate on the certificate plan of one and a half times the one-way fare—provided 350 certificates to their special agent at Atlanta. This means that the full fare must be paid going to Atlanta; the return rate will only be one half of the fare going—if we get the required 350 certificates.

**What You Must Do to Get the Benefit of the "Certificate Plan" and Help Others Also to Take Advantage of It.**

If you live in any state except California, Oregon, Washington or the New England States

Buy a **one-way** ticket to Atlanta. And be sure to get from the agent a **CERTIFICATE OF PURCHASE**—not a mere receipt. This certificate is to be handed to the Grand Secretary (F. P. Gibson) at Atlanta.

If you live in California, Oregon or Washington—

Buy a **round trip** "Summer Excursion" ticket to Chicago (or to St. Louis, Memphis or New Orleans). The cost for round trip will be about one and one-third times the one-way fare. Then, from Chicago (or any of the other points above-named buy a **one-way** ticket to Atlanta. When buying this ticket, be sure to get a **CERTIFICATE** showing such purchase.

If you live in one of the New England States—

Buy a ticket to New York (or to the nearest point in New York State) and from that point buy a **one-way** ticket to Atlanta, and be sure to secure a **CERTIFICATE**.

#### APPRECIATION

DECATUR, ILLINOIS, May 10, 1921.

DEAR SIR:—The article as appearing in the May issue of *THE SILENT WORKER* entitled, "We Can Understand Each Other Very Well," is intensely interesting to me. Personally, I am confident that deaf-mutism is no handicap as long as there exists a will within oneself to patch up deafness, by the utilization of our individualized dormant powers for the purpose of cultivating the power to become a lip-reader.

I am very thankful that I have read such subject in your magazine, otherwise I might not have come to my fullest realization of such fact, because lately I have been longing for such ability, and being a self-educated scientist myself I discovered that I was depending too much on my watchful waiting for a miracle to turn up and grant me my wishes.

Please convey my high appreciation of the subject to the writer by the name of Mr. J. A. Pierce; because it contains words of wisdom that not a single deaf person with ambition to amount to something worth while in life should deny themselves the comprehensiveness of such fact.

To your magazine, of which I am a subscriber, I owe thanks, for having acted as a medium through which I gathered to wit such subject.

Wishing your magazine a continuous success,

I am, very truly yours,

FREDERICK R. SCHROCK.



GRADUATES, ALABAMA SCHOOL, 1921.

Left to right: Byron Burnes, Irene House, Wright Gilchrist, Ralph Moreland, Bertha Johnson, Robert Fletcher.



# Distinctive Features of Schools for the Deaf

*No. 16---The North Carolina School*

By ODIE W. UNDERHILL

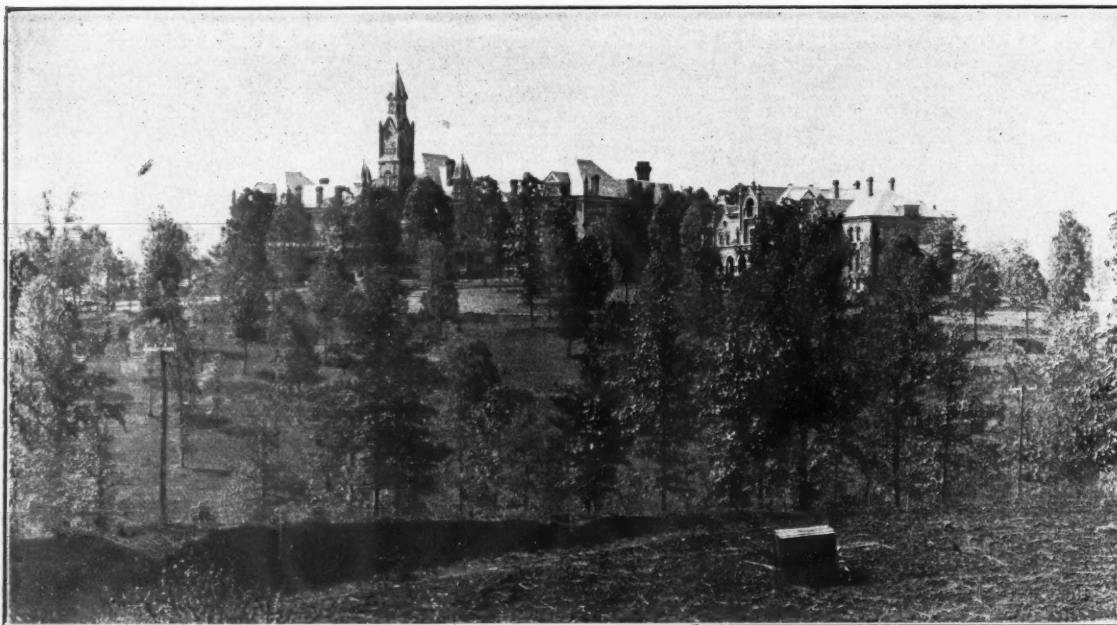


*Edw. H. Goodwin*



NOT A FEW passengers sitting on the left side of the Southern Railway's Westbound trains from Salisbury towards Asheville in the land of the Sky, fail to bestow at least a fleeting glance at the imposing group of buildings situated on an elevated hill one mile to the west of the little station at Morganton, N. C. If one is sharp-eyed enough, he will catch sight of a post at the foot of that hill by the rail tracts bearing this sign in bold letters: "NORTH CAROLINA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF." Here follows a brief sketch of that school—the pride of the OLD North State.

During the wintry months of January and February, 1892, there was an energetic young man walking to and fro in the halls of the old historic capitol at Raleigh—the legislature being in session—with a mission that has since brought untold happiness and blessings to the deaf of the State. For more than a quarter of a century prior to that time the deaf children had been attending what was then known as the North Carolina Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind located in the heart of Raleigh. The pitiful and crowded conditions existing at the school had appealed so strongly to this young educator, himself a native North Carolinian,



THE NORTH CAROLINA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AT MORGANTON.

that he determined to do what he could to give the deaf children the advantages they were entitled to. He had previously taught at that school, and for a couple of years at the Iowa School, at Council Bluffs, resigning from the latter to return to the service of the deaf of his native State—those closest to his heart. After many nights and many weary hours of arguing with the rather economic but well-meaning legislators his efforts were at last crowned with success. Ample appropriations were provided, and his long cherished wish to have a segregated school for the deaf exclusively was now realized. Here the ball was set rolling, and the present magnificent plant at Morganton itself furnishes the story of its wonderful growth in twenty-five years' time to be one of the largest and best equipped schools of the kind in the country.

That young educator referred to above is the much beloved and honored founder and present superintendent, Edward McKee Goodwin. Identified with the progress of the school from the time the first brick was laid to the present time, Prof. Goodwin is in a position to know every detail concerning the whole school plant. It is a well-known fact that he can tell the exact number of bricks in each building. In brief, Supt. Goodwin is a part of the life of the school.

Morganton, a quaint, pretty little town at the foot of Blue Ridge, named after General Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, was chosen out of several competing cities because of her unsurpassed climatic conditions and of other advantages not found elsewhere to meet the purposes for which the school was created. Upon a high hill on which once stood a virgin forest, overlooking the beautiful Catawba River Valley, the Blue Ridge forming a crescent background, the first structure—the present main building—was erected, together with the industrial and heating plant in the rear.

Doors were thrown open for admission of pupils in October, 1894. The first enrollment was 102, and the largest enrollment was over 300, which is a very high attendance according to the population as compared with other states. The graduates of the school, now numbered by the hundreds, may be found over the country living useful and honorable lives.

The second building erected is the Recitation Hall which was occupied in 1893. The laying of the corner stone was attended with impressive ceremonies. Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet was present and delivered the principal address. Addi-

tions were made to the Industrial and Main buildings from time to time as the increasing attendance required. The other structures erected in order are Superintendent's residence, Goodwin Hall (primary) and the Infirmary.

The policy of the school has always been of the highest order. While some changes are made from time to time to meet the trend of the day, the one purpose of the school that has never been changed, is to strive to attain to a higher degree of efficiency, and to reach and educate every deaf child in the state. The school has been most fortunate in having had men of highest type on her Board of Directors—men of the finest Southern Stock. Undoubtedly it was their deep interest and co-operation that has made the North Carolina School what it is today. It is interesting to note that one member, Hon. A. C. Miller, has served on the Board almost continuously since its creation.

The method of instruction pursued in the educational department is what is known as the Combined System, though great stress is laid on the oral method which is being used more and more each year. About 90 percent of the pupils are taught orally. Results speak for themselves. At Goodwin Hall, the Superintendent's hobby, the younger pupils are instructed solely under the oral method, and the results have been most encouraging. After three or four years there, pupils are transferred to the main building where they complete their course. Miss Eugenia T. Welsh, a teacher of over 25 years' experience, is in charge of Goodwin Hall, and is meeting with splendid success. Miss Thomason, well known in the profession as an instructor of exceptional ability, is principal of the educational work at the Main building, and is likewise getting results.

Military training was introduced at the North Carolina School in 1913, among the first ones in the country outside of Fanwood, to give military instruction, and the results have been gratifying. In a competitive drill with several of the leading military academies of the State, held in Charlotte in 1917, the school cadets carried off the first honors, and won the first prize in the form of a large silver cup.

One of the most important features of this great school is its splendidly equipped trade-teaching departments. The following trades are taught the boys: printing, tailoring, shoemaking, carpentry. The school has probably the most com-

pletely equipped shoe and harnessmaking shop in the country. Here are all up-to-date machinery for mending soles and making new shoes and harness. The printing office is equipped with lino type and cylinder press and all that is necessary to turn out good work. The carpenter shop is equipped with machinery of every design. A good deal of the work on the buildings was done in the shop. The girls are given thorough training in dressmaking and domestic science and general housework.

North Carolina being an agricultural State, approximately 75 percent of the pupils come from country homes, the best place in the world to raise a boy. The policy of the school has been to send as many as possible back to the farm and make it a life work. There is no better vocation for the deaf than farming. Deaf boys can farm on less capital than they can run any other business, probably, and moreover they would be independent of competition and free of the troubles brought about by being laid off when business becomes slack.

The North Carolina School owns a fine farm of 327 acres, which not only affords an opportunity to study practical farming, but produces abundant edibles and supplies. The school usually puts up its own canned goods of tomatoes, beans and fruit in sufficient quantities to last through the session. Wheat and corn crops have always yielded well. The school possesses a fine herd of Holstein cows, which are also fed from the farm, and the children get an abundant supply of fresh milk. Thorough-bred Berkshire hogs are also raised at the school. The school does its own slaughtering.

The school is supplied with pure spring water which is piped from its own shed of more than 400 acres in the mountains seven miles away. The school also has its own ice and refrigerating plant.

In 1905, the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf held its meeting at the school, over five hundred being present. Memories of that great gathering still linger in the minds of many who attended it.

In the summer of 1919, the alumni and former students of the North Carolina School made a pilgrimage to their *alma mater*, and joined in the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the school, and in paying homage to their beloved benefactor, Mr. Goodwin.

In conclusion, let me say that a deaf child attending the North Carolina School for the Deaf has all the opportunities and blessings one can possibly have in God's country.

#### THE QUITTER

You're sick of the game? Well, now, that's a shame.  
You're young and you're brave and you're bright.  
You've had a raw deal? I know, but don't squeal.  
Buck up do your darndest, and fight.  
It's the plugging away that will win you the day,  
So don't be a piker, old pard!  
Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit;  
It's keeping your chin up that's hard.  
It's easy to cry that you're beaten—an' die;  
It's easy to crawlfish and crawl;  
But to fight, and to fight when hope's out of sight,  
Why, that's the best game of them all!  
And tho you come out of each grueling bout,  
All broken, and beaten and scarred,  
Just have one more try—it's dead easy to die.  
It's keeping on living that's hard.

—Robert W. Service.

The Silent Worker for March is the biggest and most artistic thing in the way of a magazine that the deaf world has ever seen. It speaks well for the literary ability of the deaf—especially for the combined system by which nearly all of the contributors to the Worker have been educated.

—Messenger.

## Types of Children of Deaf Parents



LEONARD B. Jr.

Son and only child of Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson, of Atlanta, Ga.



TWO CHUMS

Left to right: J. Guerry Bishop Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Guerry Bishop, and Billy Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Gholdston, all of Atlanta, Ga. The mothers of these little boys have been life-long chums.

#### MARRIED

On March 28, 1921, John Ferninger, of Evansville, Ind., to Miss Emma Gregory, of Burnett, Ind.



# The ARGONAUT

by J.W. HOWSON

**I**F YOU are seeking the locations of the earth's most favored mining lands, ask the mining engineers. These much travelled men may point with pride to parts of Africa, to British Columbia, or to the elevated plateau of Mexico. They may

differ as to the merits of these localities, but if any will disparage the claims of the Mother Lode region of California to be ranked as the peer of any district mined by man. Seldom visited by snow in winter, and for the most part elevated above the heat of the valleys in the summer, the Mother Lode region, located upon the western slopes of the Nevada Mountains, is blessed with a climate whose balmines can scarce be equalled.

Hither came the pioneer miner with his pan to wash the auriferous gravel that lay on the surface of the hillsides, in the ravines and the canyons. His successors, the easy surface gold having been extracted, delved deeper into the bowels of the earth, pursuing the tiny veins which carried the precious metal. Their operations followed well defined belts along the mountain slopes and these belts combined to form the Mother Lode. They were sturdy men in those days and some of them realizing the charm of the localities, remained to stay, to farm and mine, to marry and raise families. Their progeny drifted to the cities and today form much of the bulwark of the manhood and womanhood of the state.

In this district in the vicinity of Mokelumne Hill and Angels camp, of Sonora and Tuttle-town, localities made famous by the wit and pathos of Brete Harte, there grew up a little child, who might have attended the district school, had not the vagaries of nature compelled her to seek the state school for the deaf in Berkeley. There the little girl, Mabel Luddy, advanced from grade to grade to graduation, just like the other little girls who had preceded her. Then as was perfectly natural, she returned to the quiet country home to take up the simple duties of a waning mining town.

But Miss Luddy was not content to see the days and months go idly by. She possessed a fair education, a moderate amount

of speech and lip-reading, such as fifteen or twenty minutes daily instruction under the school's articulation teacher had provided, and a tremendous desire to get ahead. Working in her father's office in the small town of San Andreas, she picked up the rudiments of office work and the elements of business

detail. Then she set out to cast her fortunes in the metropolis of the state, San Francisco.

Life in the metropolis and its neighboring city, Oakland, was to Miss Luddy for several years one long struggle with adversity. She worked in this office and that. She learned to operate a linotype and did not hesitate to engage in manual occupations when the need presented itself. In the meanwhile she was steadily improving in accuracy and attention to detail. She maintained her own quarters and depended upon no one; she sought the company of the hearing, while not in any degree neglecting the society of the deaf, and in this way developed enough proficiency in speech and lip-reading to move freely in the world of the former.

Constant contact with people and endless endeavor finally resulted in Miss Luddy's securing a coveted position in the county court house in Oakland. She has been there for half a dozen years and now holds a very important and well paid position under the County Recorder. Though rated as a copyist Miss Luddy is thoroughly familiar with the registration, indexing and filing of deeds, and is noted for the accuracy and carefulness of her work. Her hours are short

and permit of that leisure so dear to the hearts of women. Miss Luddy's life, well rounded and full of serenity, goes to prove that not only education and natural attainments developed in school be afterwards further advanced, but is also a living refutation that signs and association with the deaf are a bar to the development of speech and the fullest intercourse possible with the hearing.

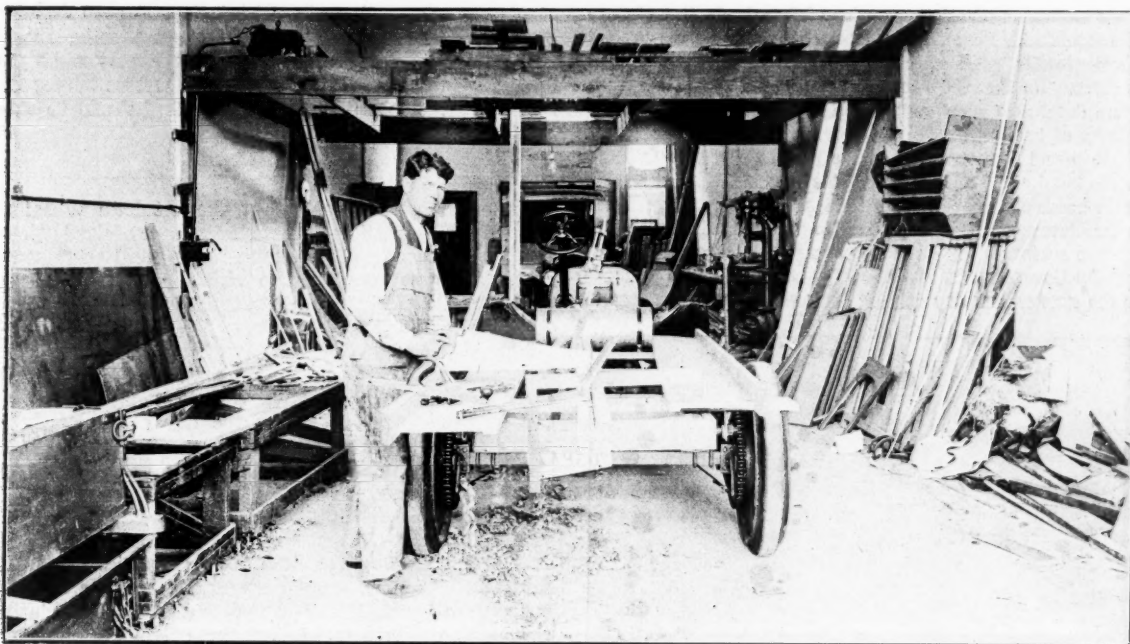
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Old-time graduates of our schools are as a rule clever artisans. Somehow, it seems that in the days gone by, they did things more thoroughly than the younger generation who are advanc-



MISS MABEL I. LUDDY

Miss Luddy typifies the California School graduates who continue to improve after leaving their *alma mater*. Her common school education she has advanced and enlarged. By her individual efforts, the moderate proficiency which she acquired in speech and lip-reading, has been developed to the point where she moves as freely amongst the hearing as the deaf. Miss Luddy has a desirable position in the office of the Recorder of one of the most prominent counties in the state.



INTERIOR VIEW OF PLANT

In the course of a very diversified career, Mr. Goodrich has owned and operated plants much larger than that here pictured.

ing today to take their places. Many of our younger set of craftsmen can turn out better work than their predecessors, but as a general rule they don't do it. They merely observe the trend of the times which sacrifices accuracy and good workmanship to speed and quantity of output. One of the oldtimers, whose work is noted for its general excellence, is Doney H. Goodrich. Mr. Goodrich has turned his hand at many things in the woodworking line. He has built houses, churches, and

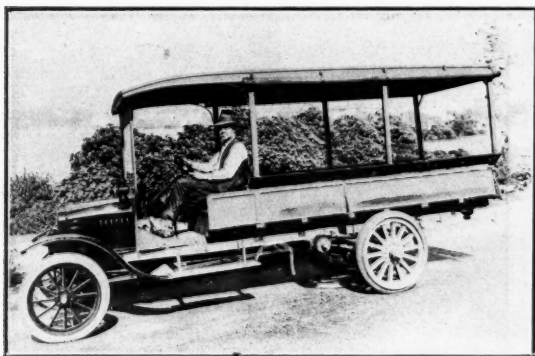
cialty is the analysis of blood. Mr. Wenger is an expert lip-reader and he also possesses a slight degree of hearing. By utilizing both he is able to move about among the hearing without resource whatever to pad and pencil. Mr. Wenger's brother, Albert, is graduating this year from the department of mines in the University of Utah. Five other graduates of the Utah School for the Deaf are at present attending the Utah Agricultural College. Evidently the Utah school is sending few of its graduates to Gallaudet College.

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Visitors from the southern end of the state were Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Terry. They report that Granville Redmond, the painter, is still with Charlie Chaplin. In addition to assisting the famous comedian, Mr. Redmond maintains a studio, wherein he devotes his leisure time to the brush and easel. He has a large and growing clientele amongst the wealthy Los Angelenos, including in the latter another screen celebrity, Douglas Fairbanks. An artist's life is usually none too roseate, and Mr. Redmond's friends in the north will join in wishing him continued success in his double calling.

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Legislative action in regard to the separation of the schools for the deaf and the blind is now awaiting the governor's hand. He has in his hands at the time of this writing two

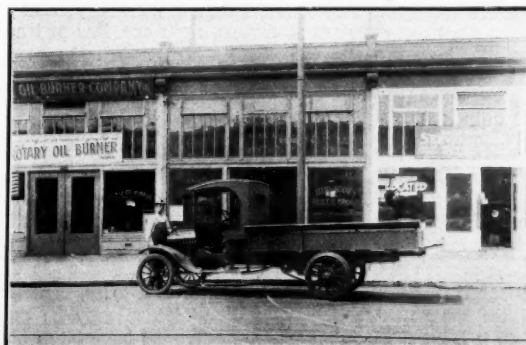


AUTO BODY CONSTRUCTED BY MR. DONEY H. GOODRICH. This is an excellent piece of workmanship. Mr. Goodrich is at the wheel. The body of water in the background is Lake Merritt, located in the heart of the thriving city of Oakland.

stores, operated several planning mills and auto body factories, and engaged in all lines of woodworking in general. He is also the owner of several patents, the product of his own inventions. Unfortunately Mr. Goodrich's ventures in the business world have not met with the financial success the quality of his work should warrant, otherwise he would be heard of more frequently.

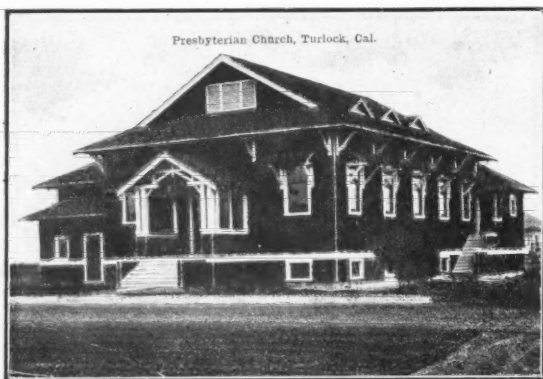
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A recent visitor to the Coast was Mr. Ray Wenger, the other one of the famous Wenger twins. Mr. Wenger hails from Salt Lake City, where he is a pathological chemist at the University of Utah and The Later Day Saints Hospital. His spe-



ANOTHER AUTO BODY CONSTRUCTED BY MR. GOODRICH

of the bills calling for the separation of the schools. One of these bills would locate the new school for the blind on the present school grounds. The other bill provides that a new site shall be secured for the school for the blind. Members of the legislature decided to put the matter up to the Governor, hence the passage of both bills. The bill providing for the establishment of the school for the blind on the present site, was fathered by the blind alumni of the school, and has met with opposition at the hands of the adult deaf of the state, who have forwarded to the Governor a state-wide petition protesting the location of the two schools in such close proximity. It is not improbable that the Governor may neglect to sign both bills. The demands on the state treasury by existing institutions are so great as to



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TURLOCK, CAL.

Mr. Goodrich was the contractor of this edifice, which was built under his personal supervision.

render additional expenses in the way of new institutions almost prohibitive.

When the California School for the Deaf opened its doors for the initial time in San Francisco in 1861, Theophilus d' Estrella was the first pupil to apply for admittance. That was sixty years ago and since all that time Mr. d'Estrella has been actively identified with the school, first as a pupil and later as a teacher. Though seventy years of age, his duties at the school have not been diminished in any perceptible degree. Still hale and hearty, he continues his class-room work as usual and conducts afternoon classes in art. Throughout his connection with the school, Mr. d'Estrella has maintained close touch with all the graduates. He has carefully compiled statistics of nearly all the pupils who have left the school. Of the 383 graduates and ex-pupils who have married, 203 are females and 180 males, this in spite of the fact that males have predominated at the school. This can be explained partly by the fact that the men have been better able to make their way alone in the world, while many of the women married to better their status. The 56 deaf females who married hearing males as contrasted with the 23 deaf males who married hearing females also helps account for the difference. Of the 441 children resulting from these various marriages, eight are deaf and none partially deaf. This is considerably higher than the normal ratio of 1 to 1000. The hereditary tendency to deafness is exemplified by the fact that where both of the parties are congenitally deaf, the ratio of deaf children is very high, being 1 to 13. No deaf children have been born to couples not congenitally deaf, though the number of children, 139, is the largest in all the groups. The advocates of intermarriage between the deaf and the hearing will receive their usual setback, when it is figured that the ratio of deaf to hearing amongst the offspring of such marriages is 1 to 30. Indeed, where the deaf partner is congenitally so, the ratio rises to 1 to 10, highest of all the groups. Another pause for reflection may be made when it is considered that seventeen divorces have taken place between deaf and hearing couples to only ten between deaf

couples, though marriages in which both parties are deaf far outnumber those in which one of the contracting parties is hearing. The above data indicate that the persistency which the deaf show in intermarriage is not without reason; but for the sake of their offspring, the congenitally deaf should be very careful whom they marry.

#### RECREATION FOR EVERYBODY.

The Human Pool Table and the Roulette Wheel at George C. Tilyou's Steeplechase Park, Coney Island, where the players become the spinning "balls," still continue to amuse the great crowds who visit the pavilion of fun. A visit to Steeplechase is not complete without a whirl in the wheel or on the table.

Now that the real bathing weather has arrived, the mammoth surf pavilion at Steeplechase is open and ready for a capacity crowd today. Twenty thousand bathers can be accommodated during the day at Steeplechase, where the same price prevails during the entire season. New steam rooms, diving platforms and surf boats await the visitors.

For several weeks past great crowds have enjoyed a plunge in the pools, and the management of the park is now arranging with the A. A. U. for a series of aquatic sports in which the leading divers and swimmers of the country will compete. The events will be held during the evening, which will afford those who are employed during the afternoon an opportunity of competing in the various events. The swimming races will be held in the indoor pool, and, as this is the largest pool in the country it is expected that many records will be broken.

For subscription offers, see list on front inside cover.



"THE GALLAUDET CLUB"

(Texas School)

Upper row—Mr. Geo. A. Brooks, '99, Mr. R. M. Rivers '96,  
Lower row—W. H. Davis '99, R. L. Davis '09, and Mrs. L.  
Webster Davis '02.



# THE GENTLE ART OF WEEDING

## "Zeno" Reviews the California News Paper on the Proceedings of the Mt. Airy Convention

(Concluded from last month)

"THEY (the deaf teachers) realize this to be their just, grateful eleemosynary of Service to their own kind."

Again, an echo of the pedagogical mind peculiar to England where schools are looked upon in part as charity establishments, where the mostly-sought-for honors next to title are to be known as "patrons," and where Dickens penned his immortal pictures of school teachers. Let us now see the manner in which the English-American writer made use of adjectives in the above quotation.

"Just"—how do you know it is just? Who told you to be a judge? Or, as an utterance of your Philadelphia convention, is the word only as apocryphal as the word, "weed" is alleged to be?

"Grateful"—if you had used that word to hearing children in public schools, their parents would have ducked you in the nearest pond. The children owe nothing by way of thankfulness for what is theirs by right. The parents pay for that right in cold cash, and you have no business to demand gratitude for services for which you are also paid in cold cash. And what is the purpose of all our sacrifices as all taxing systems necessarily are—of the costly maintenance of public schools, of free universities? Selfishness, Sir, pure selfishness, for self-protection comes under that classification, and we must look out for Self or the devil will take us. We demand that our glorious country shall live when we are derelicts, and, as it is the children who will take up our burdens, we further demand that they do it in an intelligent manner. The Decalogue does not say, "Love or thank your parents," but "Honor your parents," that is, you should live so as to be a source of honor to them, and conversely, by leading a honorable life, you will have long days. We will honor our teachers in like manner, and we are happy when they find a pleasurable recompense in our successes for their toilsome "Give, give, give" of the school-room—we are even delighted when they become baggy in the knees of their pantaloons running after their boards for bigger salaries.

"Eleemosynary"—as usual, the writer basks in long words, but we have to tell him that this word is one of his worst. Its definition is, Relating to charity, alms-giving—intended for the distribution of charity. Here we have another of the unfortunately too many instances of English influence. The reports of English schools often, or perhaps invariably, have a blank attacked to it asking for alms. The California school is not an eleemosynary establishment any more than the neighboring State university is. Mr. Writer, you are an officer occupying a high position in the pay of the State, and we "the independent, rational, intelligent individual human entities" want to inform you that we are not consuming with an overweening desire to have notions imported from England and that all further references to charities under whatever disguises are highly distasteful to us as most of your statements in the *News* decidedly are. Simply honor our *Alma Mater*, and your days there will be long.

"They (the deaf) have advanced with the times and desire to see the deaf child of the present era given opportunities ahead of any afforded themselves in bygone days."

Yes, opportunities afforded the English deaf for lo! those many decades that they today oscillate between sem-imbecility and a humdrum kind of existence, and a deaf man of remarkable parts seems to be unknown there. At any rate,

the English-American writer was not loth to flee from the old country and go to the "Land of Sunshine and Flowers."

The above quotation has already appeared as an advertisement in the SILENT WORKER, and its sophistry was punctured by a single Zenoism in the April number.

"The Deaf shall no longer move speechless among their fellow-men."

Yes, the legless shall move crutchless among their fellow-men, but none the less they are cripples.

"They refuse any longer to be incoherent or placed on a par with the mentally abnormal."

Very odd and rambling—pure rigmarole. Perhaps this platitude was taken from some other writing and incorporated here for its high-sounding generalities.

All world's fairs had this official classification: "Group, SUBNORMAL—Defectives, delinquents, DEAF AND DUMB, feeble-minded, cripples, tubercular children."

Perhaps the English writer meant that if "dumb" is struck from "deaf and dumb," the deaf but speaking children will straightway pass into the normal class.

I have already stated that the sanity of the world is a matter of anxious speculation among learned and normal people.

"The Adult Deaf, as a class, no longer oppose Oralism."

More than two thousand adult deaf had met in an assembly on that very question at Detroit. It is either cowardice or mendacity that prompts us to omit the mention of their resolution on methods of education or to suppress any indication that they had decided opinions of the educational value of anything. By the way, their verdict is diametrically opposite to the English-American writer's claim that All Adult Deaf approve of Oralism for all and any class-rooms and under all and any conditions.

"No defect must be allowed to deny to the Deaf the right to their inheritance as independent, rational, intelligent individual human entities."

Which right does not include the right to aspire to the writer's own position as assistant-principal of the California school. They KNOW AND MUST EVER KNOW that they have their limitations. They even do not have independence.

Thus, the small stove consumes fuel of any kind with impartiality—paper, wood, coal, oil. In other words, the writer makes assertions and corrects them, and then re-asserts them and contradicts them once more.

"The Adult Deaf refuse to recognize the necessity for the deficiency of dumbness."

Again ambiguous. Why not say "the necessity of dumbness? Why the *badness* of *badness*? Perhaps a mis-writing, the writer meaning to say the "necessity for the deficiency of speech," that is, the adult deaf are awakening to the fact that there is no reason why there should be poor speech. A curious statement all the same. All good speakers among the deaf use writing-pads when they reach the "age of discretion." It is a well-known fact that among the hearing people themselves, few speak faultlessly, and, purely as "rigmarole," I will now affirm that I doubt if the writer himself speaks perfectly.

"What about the general average?"

Ah there, at last! Drop right on your knees and thank God for the first glimmering of that truthfulness which your English mother had taught you. Yes, what about the average? About honesty, which is more anxious about the greatest amount of good for the largest number than for "fads, new fangled cults, party cries and popular fancies"—about the true compassion which knows that there is such a thing as the UNDOABLE? The plain truth is that the average of us—we make a majority—is poor stuff and, if the Maker's hand did shake in making us, we forgive him—we will leave it to Omar Khayyam to describe misshapen pots:

As under cover of departing Day  
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazan away,  
Once more within the Potter's house alone  
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,  
That stood along the floor and by the wall;  
And some loguacious Vessels were; and some  
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain  
"My substance of the common Earth was ta'en  
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,  
"Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy  
"Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;  
"And He that with his hand the Vessel made  
"Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

After a momentary silence spake  
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;  
They sneer at me for leaning all awry:  
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

Whereat someone of the laguacious Lot—  
I think a Sufippikin—waxing hot—  
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,  
Who makes—Who sells—who buys—Who is the Pots?"

"Why," said another, "Some there are wh— !!  
"Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell  
"The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Fish!  
"He's a Good Fellow, and will all be well."

I am striking out much, much more that I would like to say, and I will now try to close by reducing oralism to its true fundamentals. In speech teaching, they have a way of suddenly stamping on a unsuccessful pupil's foot to bring out his voice which they call "provoking speech." I will, if I can, provoke your thought.

Oralism is a misnomer. It is too good a word. The superfix ISM mean a plan. But oralism neither uplifts the deaf nor their education. The term should preferably be Oralis, the ending IS meaning a disease like tonsilitis, meningitis, appendicitis.

Oralism is not a science, a method or an art. It is just a plain operation, and its teachers are operators, demonstrators, practioners or workers.

It is not discipline and it necessitates neither intellectual nor ethical equipment, to put dots on a disc of a phonograph and cause the disc to revolve.

Under like circumstances, you can train a pupil's throat. He is a case to you just as he is to a doctor. In giving speech to him, you merely want him to give convenience to others, not to convince them of his usefulness as a talking machine.

All of which is not Education. It is just as much practice backed by devotion as floor-scrubbing is, and the best results in speech-teaching were obtained by mothers who never heard of schools for the deaf, of *points d'appui* or of delightful convention conversaziene with light refreshments. In fact, the teaching of speech was co-existent with the origin of speech, and of such isolated and rare achievements there are no more records than there are of vanished nations.

The trouble with the "sign-manualists" of to-day is that they are in the Greek or Roman decadence. They are doing things so easily that they are still more easily bluffed by the oralists into the belief that if they are initiated into their 33rd-degree secrets, they will be really and truly earning their bread and butter. They are liable to fail to see that during twenty-five years since the day Dr. Crouter announced that his school had moved boots and baggage into the oral

camp, the Philadelphia has not produced a single deaf man of initiative and momentum. In forty years, the only interesting graduate that the Rochester school has produced is a lightweight wrestler whose feats do not depend on dactylogy. The Northampton and Lexington are antediluvians of ancient common-placeness in efficiency or achievement. Trying hard not to be a weed, the Nebraska is succeeding only in vegetating. The Wright and Goldstein are quacks.

Mother-love always demands, in the first place, that deafness be cured. It is not true that deafness is never cured, but all the same many, many fathers were impoverished. The mother next demands that dumbness be cured. It is not true that dumbness is never done away with, and it is right here that oralism turns the quack. It, forever, seeks new fields and the greenest pasture seems at present to be California which gave railroad tickets to a University dean who has a hazy idea that if Adam became a learned man at once on the gift of speech, the same thing can take place again in the Californian Eden; a president who was good as a reverend and is better as a undertaker; and a naturalized foreigner who is entirely willing—in fact enthusiastic—about acting as a grave-digger in burying the derelict sign-language—"Alas, poor Sign-language!—I know it well, Billy; a thing of an infinite variety of lightsome passes in the air—how I had mooched on it earnestly and secretly through long years since I left the tight little isle which knows no perfidity to oralism—the dear antediluvian England!"

Knowledge depends on experience.

Experience comes from sensations.

Sensations are sensed by senses.

For the deaf the eye is the most important organ, and the sign-language which bolts together the deep foundation of the deaf education and strengthens the superstructure, is his best friend.

In oralism, you turn the whole thing upside down, the Cultivation of the Voice and the Lip-reading being placed at the top to squat on the broad base of the inverted pyramid, while knowledge occupies the precarious position of being the single *point d'appui* down in the bottom, which fact gives you delight, for you called it "the uplift of the education of the deaf."

And what is the result? Uncertainty, wrecked nerves and retarded careers—indeed, so much so that we wonder at the few good results you have actually achieved. You have asked, "What about the average?" Yes, that is it. What about Man? What about the Soul? What about that incomprehensible living principle styled Vitality which best derives its essence from a well-balanced combination of the discipline of the intellect, the exercise of the body and the regulation of the heart? It is exactly because, thanks to its inverted and absurd position, oralism is so deficient in these requisities that it has never produced a SINGLE GREAT DEAF PERSON as I have before affirmed and will now again affirm. The pyramid cannot maintain its equilibrium on a single point without props, and, for supports, oralism has "*ne plus ultra*" exhibits of convention, lying propaganda, press-agenting and vaudeville-circuiting, to say nothing of exaggerations or defamations about the deaf like "Restored to Society," which is as dead as a dodo, "Deaf Variety," which makes the deaf workers feared when the country is prosperous and tolerated only when it is in danger, "The sign-language is doomed," which is a blasted hope. "The sign-language is a weed," which is at least a faithful saying for the language will live to shake hands with the weeds growing over the grave of the originator of that phrase.

The oral cult is neurotic which may put hectic spots on one's cheeks, but means a deeply-seated sickness. It is imperilling the American education of the deaf. It has debilitated Europe. France, the mother of modern arts, no longer produces a Martin, a Choppin a Harmar, a Theobald, a Dusuzeau. England, the mistress of the world, is nevertheless a mere scrub-woman

in the realm of the deaf education. Germany, shamefacedly, is asking alms of the American deaf whom she despised as gesture-makers.

Turning backward to the top of this article, you note what President Butler said about perils, and the perils are:

The peril of approximation.

The peril of lockstep.

The peril of segregation.

The peril of stopping mental movement to be able to do the Undoable.

It is no good for you to see only the "medicine" and nothing outside of the bottle.

Stick to the "Decalogue," "Magna Charta," and "Declaration of Independence" of the deaf education, that is, to the spirit of the three greatest documents created by the human mind is to say that you will live long and honorably, that you will have stability, and that you will be free.

The Combined Method has that spirit.

## The Fairy Godmothers' Club of Philadelphia

By MRS. G. T. SANDERS

**W**E ARE pleased to present to the readers of the current number of the SILENT WORKER, a photograph of the Fairy Godmothers' Club of Philadelphia and its French refugee, little Suzanne Camplo.

Thru Mlle. Pitrois of Bordeaux, France, whose contributions



Photo by H. J. Pulver  
FAIRY GODMOTHERS' CLUB

to this magazine are of much interest to all its readers, the Rev. C. O. Dantzer came into touch with the family of M. Camplo which was in the direst need, his home destroyed with most of its contents and the entire family herded in a cattle car, carried into Belgium and subjected to indignities, cruelties and starvation. Hard labor proved to be too much for M. Camplo—he died, leaving his family destitute, indeed, and in desperate need of help.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer conceived the idea of forming a club which later took the name of "The Fairy Godmothers' Club of Philadelphia" with Mrs. George T. Sanders, Miss Edythe Z. Dunner and Miss Rhea Schweriner (now Mrs. Ross Mohr) as Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer respectively. When a public meeting was called at the Parish Hall of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, the letters of Madame Camplo, detailing heart-stirring accounts of her losses, grief and sufferings, drew forth an instant response to her prayers for help and a goodly sum was immediately sent to her thru Mlle. Pitrois. Thereafter for two years the family was the especial care of the Fairy Godmothers and, the grateful letters from both Mm. Camplo and Suzanne received now and then are treasures indeed, vouchers that the Club was doing its mite in alleviating distress.

In war time it is inevitable that there should spring up societies to be conducted for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of those stricken or suffering as the direct or indirect result of war; so it was during the recent greatest war of the ages when thousands upon thousands of men and women carried on the grand work of the American Red Cross. The

members of All Souls' Church, not to be outdone by their hearing friends, formed a branch of the Red Cross, No. 208, working with such assiduity and fidelity that the record of work accomplished, published in the Red Cross Magazine, was considered one of the best in Philadelphia considering the size of membership, a record of which the pastor was exceedingly proud.

The Fairy Godmothers' Club was practically an off-shoot of the Red Cross, having a definite family to work for in addition to the work of 208.

Since the signing of the armistice, Mme. Camplo has married an old friend of her former husband and has a home, thus releasing the Fairy Godmothers from further efforts in her behalf.

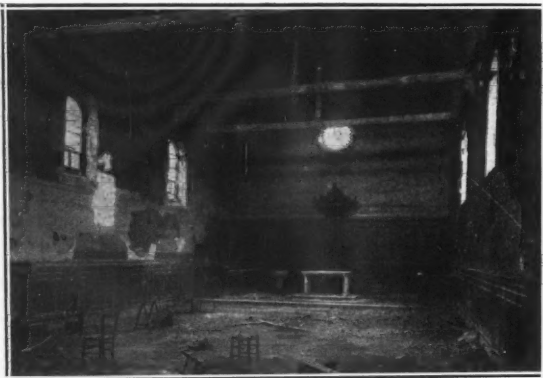
As the world is still in a state of great unrest and disturbance, the club, at a recent meeting, decided not to disband but to continue its good work indefinitely and has already contributed to several Funds for the assistance of the distressed and starved in foreign countries. As soon as a reasonable sum has accumulated in the treasury, it is sent on its errand of mercy.

The Quaker City boasts of many organizations and there is an endless succession of social affairs, consequently the Fairy Godmothers depend upon voluntary contributions largely, and, considering the constant strain upon their purse-strings, the deaf of the city have been and still are, more than generous to all charities.



Mlle. SUZANNE CAMPLO





Protestant Chapel, Saint Quentin, France, showing how the "boches" treated it.

The present personnel of the Club is as follows: Mrs. George T. Sanders, Chairman; Mrs. John Allen, Secretary; Miss Edythe Z. Dunner, Treasurer; Mrs. Harry Stevens, Mesdames C. O. Dantzer, Irby Marchman, Robert McNeill, A. S. McGhee, T. Breen, Geo. A. Wise, and the Misses Hess, Nickel, Downey, Isabella Long, Mildred McCready and Gillmore. The Rev. Mr. Dantzer is honorary member, his activity consisting of the translation of all letters from France. The other honorary members are Mesdames Nancy Moore and Mabel Wilson. Membership is by invitation, it being considered the necessary course as meetings are held at the homes of the members. An occasional meeting at All Souls' House is usually largely attended.

—S.

#### "A BUNCH OF HUSTLERS."

Members Reception Committee, Womans' Club of Atlanta, as pictured on page 353: Front Row—Mrs. W. W. McLean, Mrs. L. B. Dickerson. Middle Row—Miss Lillie Moore, Mrs. Herman Ware, Mrs. Robert H. Freeman. Back Row—Mrs. William E. Gholdston. Mrs. J. Guerry Eishop, Miss Margie Weaver and Mrs. McNabb. The little boy in the picture is Leonard B. Dickerson, Jr.



MR. AND MRS. ELI ELLIS, Jr.

Married March 27

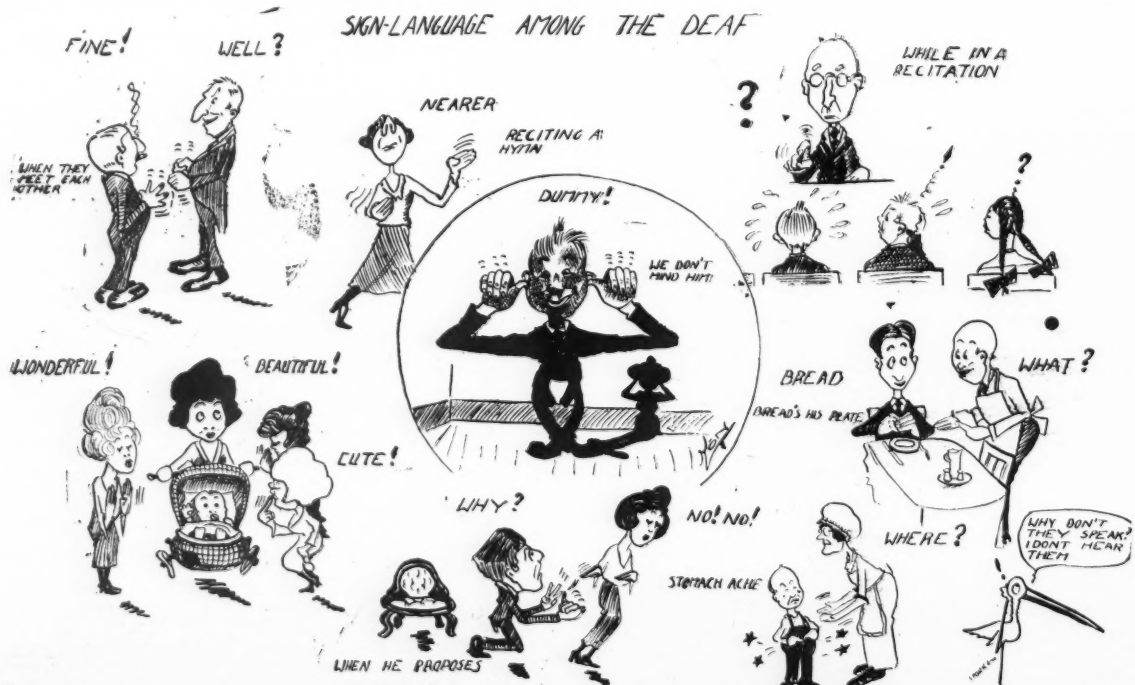
The bride was Miss Violet Pearce of New York

#### WOULD BE AN INSPIRATION.

I wish very much that the Silent Worker could be in the homes of all of our pupils here in Kentucky, as I believe it would be an inspiration to them to know what the leading deaf men and women are doing.

AUGUSTUS ROGERS.

Supt. School for the Deaf, Danville, Kentucky.





OUTING OF A FEW PORTLAND, (OREGON) DEAF AT HOLLADAY PARK, APRIL 10, 1921



PART OF THE CONVENTION FUND CLUB OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

#### CONVENTION FUND CLUB OF PORTLAND, ORE.

This club was started to raise funds to entertain the convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, which will meet in Portland, Oregon, in 1925, during the immense Atlantic-Pacific Highway and Electric Exposition. The motto of the club is "Hustle and Smile," and the slogan is "Money, More Money, and Hospitality." It is really the Aux-Frats, but it welcomes every woman of the twin cities on the Columbia—Portland and Vancouver. The photo was taken at the C. H. Linde home.

#### EXPLAINING THE LOWER PICTURE.

Three girls were unavoidably absent from the group. The names, starting from the left, are: Frances Poi, Grace Perringer, Irene Dixon, Pearl Black, Seima Hagen, Charlotte Coffin, Rose Delaney, Daisy Morrison, Pearl Lundy, Winnie Gandy. The absent are Birdie Rankin, Maude Burnett, Williamette Delashmutt.



DEAF GIRLS EMPLOYED AT THE MEIR AND FRANK DEPARTMENT STORE, PORTLAND, OREGON.

# Pioneer Work For Chinese Deaf Children

By MRS. A. T. MILLS



HERE are, probably over forty thousand little deaf children in China, everyone of whom ought to be in school while in fact less than one hundred are being taught.

The first school was opened in 1887 by a missionary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church and was for boys only. In 1906, on the arrival of a colleague, the work was enlarged by adding a department for girls. During the last twenty years seventy-nine boys and thirty-six girls have been in attendance. The graduates are doing well and proving to the Chinese that the deaf can be educated, a thing they never thought of doing and which, in the beginning, they ridiculed. Now they say it is a miracle.

As a result of this pioneer work at Chefoo several other schools have been opened. Ex-Commissioner of Commerce and Agriculture, Chang Kien, who is greatly interested in education, has opened a school in Nan Tong Chow; a Chefoo graduate has a private school in Hangchow; a class for girls is taught in connection with the Methodist School for Girls in Kucheng; and, a school has just been opened in Peking. The teachers for these places were trained at Chefoo where the aim is to give a practical training to Chinese teachers in the best methods used in other countries which have been adapted to the Chinese Mandarin language. In extension work the graduates of the Chefoo School will give valuable aid.

Now, please give your imagination full play and conjure up a mental picture of our little people with their olive skin, black snappy eyes, straight black hair and restless hands, so very human in their appeal for "an open door." They want to know about things just like other children but, alas! only silence greets their aimless struggle until kind, gentle hands push back the door and let the light of understanding stream in; then, how happy they are!

Again, in imagination, get a view of the homes from which some of these children come with earthen floor, oiled paper windows, brick bed, dirt and rags, where all are unkempt, unwashed, uncared for; not wanted and not loved. Many come from such homes; and, the school to them is a little haven of sheltering love; while those from better homes soon love it because there they are understood.

Little Tswen Hsiang and her brother, Tswen Tang, are the children of a daughter of a Christian pastor, who was married to a poor man who proved to be only a "down on his luck" coolie. He worked at the wharf and they rarely had enough to eat or to wear. The mother was ill when the children came to us and soon died of tuberculosis, thankful that God had given her two helpless deaf children a comfortable home in the school. Who wants to adopt these two children and watch them develop into good, self-reliant people? They will thank whoever does it. Their family name is Djao.

Sen Shing Yen's father is a poor farmer who lives near Chefoo. He had never heard anything about the Christian religion, but he had heard about "that wonderful school where deaf children were taught by two foreign women from America, that country that is the friend of China." And he gladly brought his boy to them and then he learned why they did it, namely, "for the love of Christ." Later, one cold day in December, he came again bringing with him a little old woman of seventy, who had walked the long eight miles from her home, leaning on her staff, taking the whole day to do it and bringing with her a little orphan grandson. She fairly stumbled, so tired was she as she came in; and, sitting down, drew up her poor crippled feet cross-legged with a sigh of relief. She was given a hearty welcome, fed, put to bed on

a warm kang and went home the next day gladly leaving NuYie in "the wonderful school." She, too, was told why they did it.

ShingYen and NuYie are both aged nine, poor, so poor! How poor, you in America can't guess. Who wants to befriend them?

Little Lu Tien Tsai, a wee, forlorn mite of five, made deaf by his insane mother who punched holes in his ears, came, dressed in a borrowed garment much too long for him. You have no idea how well he looks in his neat school suit and how happy he is to be warm and have enough to eat. Who wants to adopt him?

Hu Tong Gang lost his hearing when he was ten, and for him the world stopped moving; but, it started again when four years later he found there was a place where he could go on with his interrupted education and he is happy because he is going to be able to support his widowed mother when he leaves school.

Da Gwei is most sweet and attractive. Her eyes are bright and her cheeks rosy. Her father, a petty officer in the army, has been able to clothe and feed her well, and he is very fond of her. It is most interesting to see the big, burly soldier in uniform giving commands to the tiny girl, using the words she has learned since she came to school—"run," "walk," "creep," and many others are obeyed with a face shining with joy and the native grace of a child from a good home. And how proud the big man is!

Hsiao Shien Woa comes from the home of a Mandarin high in official circles in Peking and she looks and appears the aristocratic little lady, but very sweet and kind to those who dress less well.

Seven boys who have finished school are filling positions in the Commercial Press, Shanghai, and doing good work. We are proud of these boys.

Four girls finished school in 1917. Three of them stayed with us for Normal training and have been most helpful. One of them went to Dr. Mary Stone's Hospital in KiuKiang, where she is helping to care for little crippled children and teaching them to sew and make lace.

One of the boys who got his start in our school is Hsiao Ziao Fong, a nephew of Dr. C. T. Wang, ex-vice speaker of the Senate and well known in Y. M. C. A. work, but more recently as a delegate to the Peace Conference. Ziao Fong came to America ten years ago and continued his studies at the Rochester Institution for the Deaf. He is nearly through with his High School studies, after which he is to enter the Mechanics Institute for a three years' course in Applied Arts; then he will come to help in the Manual Training Department in the Chefoo School where he will be a welcome addition to our staff of teachers.

This is just a glimpse of a few of our pupils.

Lack of funds has greatly limited the work at Chefoo, the boys' school being closed at present because of inadequate and unsuitable buildings and the need of another trained teacher from America.

## LETTER FROM ONE OF MRS. MILLS' OLD PUPILS

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,  
HANG CHOW, CHINA, May 5, 1921.

DEAR MR. POPE:—I am a Chinese deaf student and graduated from the Chefoo school for the Deaf in June of 1913. Seven years ago, in February of 1914, I opened a school for the deaf. I have forty-three pupils who have finished school and have



gone to their home to work. Just now I have fourteen pupils in the school.

In November of 1920, Mrs. Annette T. Mills, who was my superintendent at the Chefoo school for the deaf, sent me a monthly newspaper about the deaf called THE SILENT WORKER. It was very good of her to send me the paper to read and I shall enjoy it very much. I was very glad to read about the deaf people both in England and America. I am thinking that I will enclose two dollars (\$2.00) to pay for THE SILENT WORKER but I am very sorry that I cannot send money to America with our Chinese money not the same. Will you please help me in this and send me "King Silence" and enter my name as a subscriber to the SILENT WORKER for one year.

I was very glad to get Mrs. Mills's letter and the copy of

THE SILENT WORKER about the Hang-Chow School for the Deaf in October of 1919. There is a good deal interest in it, especially in regard to the College for the deaf in America which I had the great pleasure of visiting.

Mrs. Mills told me that Mr. Pope who is the superintendent of the school for the deaf in Trenton went to a city called Akron in Ohio and told the deaf people there about the Hang-Chow school for the deaf and they gave you seventy-five dollars (\$75.00) to send me to pay for a poor deaf pupil in my school. Thank you very much for your warm heart to help me about the school for the deaf in Hang-Chow.

Please send me a report of your school.

Very sincerely yours,

TIEN FU TSE.

## With the Silent Workers

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



SOME of the finest deaf people in the world call at the office where this is written. Most of them come at the right time, and stay just long enough to make their cheery presence felt. Most of them are capital judges of just how much time they ought to take up, and when they note that other people are claiming attention they make a graceful exit. Often they have business commissions to be executed, but that does not figure in the cordiality of any one's welcome.

Of course, it would not be human nature if there were not another species, who come under the head of bore, and sometimes nuisance. One such made his appearance the other day. First he unloaded himself of a suit case, a hand bag, a wrapped package, an umbrella, a derby hat in a paper bag (he wore a cap, perhaps to save wear and tear on the derby, though why he didn't put the cap in one of the bags and wear the hat was a mystery) and before he had told me who he was, he shook his fist in the direction of the railway station and told me the check-room people were thieves, and had asked him ten cents for each separate article, and rather than be robbed that way he had brought them all down to me, which was kind I will say. Then he told me who he was, that we had met years ago. He had come to New York on a vacation and important business as well. First, he wanted to know what was going on in deaf circles for the next week or ten days.

Asked him if he did not read the Journal but he said "No," they cut off his subscription when he was only a few weeks in arrears and he let it go altogether, so he reads no paper for the deaf, and won't see this, so I am safe. In coming here he was availing himself of the courtesies due the stranger within our gates, but like a few other strangers he strained it hard.

The first strain was in getting his aunt's home on the phone to find out why no one met him at the station. Auntie, whoever she was, had no phone, but a friend in the same house did, and we got Auntie eventually. She was a bit cross, and asked us to ask why he had not stated what railroad he was coming in on; it appears the N. Y. Central, the Erie, or the Lackawanna might have had the honor. When he wanted us to conduct a general how-do-you-do conversation, I told him he had better go right up and see Auntie. He left part of his traveling paraphernalia and impedimenta in my care, promising to come next day and see me again. The promise was kept faithfully, and when he asked us to get a suburban Long Island 'phone, number and ask that another relative living near

by be brought to the telephone, I demurred and told him he ought to go over himself, or write or telegraph, but he seemed hurt and said it was important, so I took him to a nearby pay-office and put him in charge of one of the young women, explaining his inability to hear, and she cheerfully undertook the job. In an hour he was back with the information that they had robbed him of 80 cents, but when I told him he had got off cheap he didn't agree, and I think he had the impression that if he had done all that business over my wire it would not have cost him anything.

A great many deaf people abuse the phone. They take silly chances in sending unimportant or fool messages to some other deaf person that involves the wasting of two hearing people's time, and tying up two phones that are intended for business or essential calls. Then again, they have the idea that the phone costs the business man nothing, whereas it is often more costly than going out and using a pay-station, for while one's clerk is calling up the place where some deaf person is employed, to put over some fool message, other and more important business is held up, and the message itself often distorted. A great many deaf people use the phone where a one-cent postal card would be more effective. I have known them to want to phone to inquire if some one would be home the day after tomorrow. To sum it all up, there's too much "phoney" phone talk, and our deaf friends are too often offenders.

Once more, speaking of names, who ever calls the roll at the New Jersey school for the deaf won't be troubled with rheumatic fingers for some time to come, if we may judge from the following taken at random from the list of students there;

Szykalski  
Wisniewska  
Czubik  
Appicelli  
Czyinski  
Karpowicz  
Tanajewski  
Stampowsky  
Gronkowski  
Adamek  
Pappianni  
Lunewski  
Shimanski  
Camperlango

Two of our leading publications have re-printed without

comment, a story that appeared in one of the Los Angeles newspapers, which was undoubtedly the work of a press agent, looking for publicity for a star. I do not begrudge him this, as I was once a P. A. myself, but I think he ought to get his facts straight, and if he does not, then papers for the deaf ought to straighten things for him when they reprint it, errors and all. The young woman mentioned, though still in her teens is a star of such magnitude that she does not need circus booming, or any departure from strict truth. A friend of mine told me of having witnessed a play a few evenings before, and of the wonderful acting of the youthful star, Miss Helen Menken, and he added that it was the best play with the sweetest acting he had ever seen, and when I told him, I was glad to hear it all, particularly the warm commendation of the star; he asked why, and I told him I had known her as a baby. Press Agents have to get publicity for their stars, who frequently do not see the story till it is published, and often the star is as surprised as any other reader, for often as not, what you read is pure fiction. It is altogether likely that Miss Menken, the star in question, did tell the press agent that she visited schools for the deaf when there is one in the city she is playing in, but the young lady never referred to them as deaf and dumb asylums, for she knows that there is no such thing. The P. A. fell down again when he made the young woman's father a theatrical manager promoting the activities of deaf actors, though the gentleman approximates the fact by handling the business activities, now and then, of some of the more or less shining lights of the deaf world who engages in the pastime of boxing for profit.

It was just one argument after another with the young lady, that is as far as a mere man may argue with a lady, but after a couple of years of effort I think she sees the light.

She is a star oral product of a star oral school, and on top of that graduated with the highest honors (*Magna Cum Laude*), from a college for hearing women, which is a worthwhile tribute to her and her accomplishments. But when meeting deaf people not from her school she wrote, for she spelled (using the manual alphabet) very indifferently and could not or would not read the other fellow's digits. To her, Oralism was Sacred and all else Profane. Time works wonders though, and at a recent social event here in New York, I saw her talking to other people in the way that she had formerly condemned, and to show how complete the transformation was, I am told that the next day she informed one of her friends that the evening before she "enjoyed the time of her life." That's the way it is when any of the one-time holy of holy pure orals really learn how to get past their infirmity. There's no other way, and the longer they defer it the less happiness they get out of life.

If she has good luck there's going to be a "widow-lady" at the coming Atlanta Convention who is going to keep her eye open for the right kind of material to transform into her No. 2. She writes me to that effect herself, and promises that there may be more of them beside herself there. I am publishing this here for the benefit of a "Widower-Gentleman," who sends this paper an advertisement that cannot be run because matrimonial notices are on the prohibited list, but as he has some thousand dollars in the bank, and earns a good salary, and seems to be of a bit timid disposition, I am going to send him a marked copy of this paragraph and urge him to go on to Atlanta prepared. The two letters that formed the raw material from which this paragraph was hewn are bits of life's darker side, veritable tragedies taken separately, yet out of them might grow great connubial bliss if the right people met the right people.

## TWO NEW YORK BRIDES

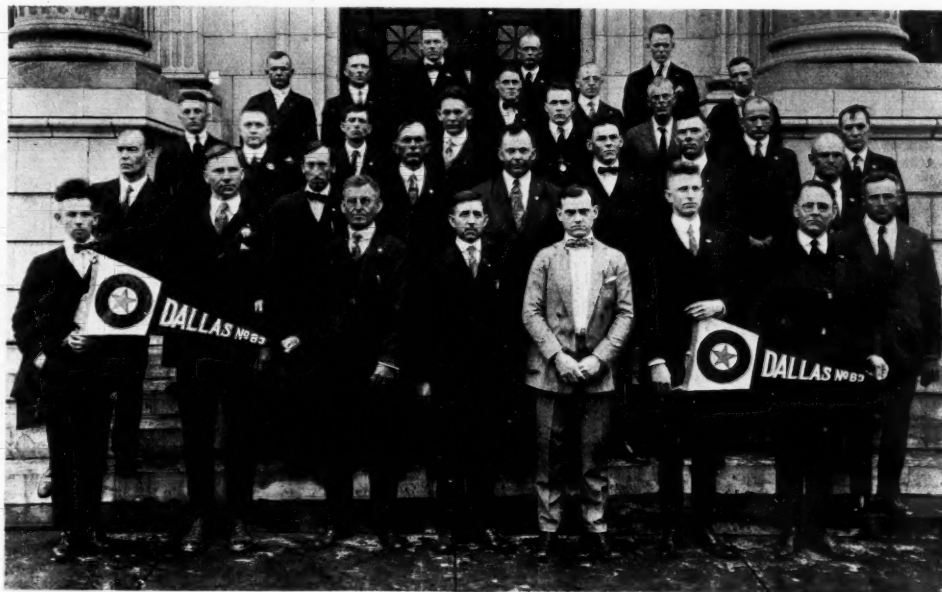


MRS. M. STERN (Nee Osserman)  
A New York girl, who now becomes a Philadelphian. Her parents gave her one of the most elaborate weddings that New Yorkers have ever witnessed. The ceremony took place at the exclusive Gotham Hotel



MRS. M. KAMANSKY  
(Nee Pusrin)  
For a time a Gallaudet student, whose wedding occurred last month

Photos by A. L. Pach



DALLAS DIVISION NO. 83, N. F. S. D.

## A Hearing Man's Estimation of the Deaf

Waycross, Ga., June 4, 1921.

EDITOR THE SILENT WORKER:—You will no doubt be surprised to receive a communication from this remote place, but as I have always had a feeling of pity for the deaf or afflicted, I cannot help, but write you a few lines. I have never seen a mute yet, that after making their acquaintance they were ever afterward friends of mine. I chanced to pick up one of your papers, THE SILENT WORKER, or rather a part of one, and it moved me to write to you.

On the front page was an article regarding the mute on the farm, but as part had been torn out, I could not get the whole story.

Now I have a mute neighbor, Frank Stokes, he can neither hear or speak, but his wife and children are all normal. He has one of the best kept farms in the country and is considered the best farmer in the community, always has plenty of everything and provides well for his family, in addition to his being a mute, he has lost one eye. He had a spell of Typhoid when a small boy, and when he recovered, he had lost his hearing—his speech and one eye gone, but undaunted by his handicaps he has made a successful farmer. He is a lover of his children. His child love was clearly demonstrated to me, when a baby of his was sick and wasting away, he held the little one out to me and with tears in his eyes and shaking with emotion, showed the anguish, he was in. A few days later, the little one died and my own eyes filled with tears, when I thought of the worry and anxiety, he had shown a few days before and it made my heart go out in sympathy at the loss of his little one.

In addition to his qualifications as a farmer, he has acquitted the trade of brick and stone mason and between times does most of the work of the neighborhood. He also has a good understanding of justice and rights, and is quite entertaining to any one that can communicate with him. There is one thing more I would like to say in their favor. I am now over 60 years old and have traveled the states considerably and I never saw a deaf mute begging in my life. They always

seemed to have an occupation of some kind and took care of themselves.

I saw part of another article denying the sense of vibration, together with a lady pictured laying her hands on top of a piano and resting her head on them, the part of the article that I read denied that she was getting any satisfaction out of the piano through this method and that it was taboo with the Fraternity. I can hardly believe this, as I have a lady friend twenty years old, at Chanute, Kansas, that is a mute, having lost her hearing through sickness at one year old.

This lady will place her knees against the piano or victrola with her hands on top of piano or victrola and seems by her expressions to enjoy the music as much as any one, she can put a record on a Victrola and take her position as described above and without being in a position to see the moving record, she can instantly tell when a record is through playing, and no matter how new the record is, she can step and show you the kind of tune it was playing. These things are remarkable and could be emulated to a larger extent by those who can hear and speak, but regardless of how well they seem to get along in this world, I cannot help, but have a deep sympathy and feeling for all who have lost their speech and hearing, as well as those that are blind.

You are welcome to publish all or any part of this without price, I just felt like relieving my mind by writing it, so don't feel like I am encroaching on you, as I have written this through a kindly heart, and feel a gladness at the fact that the mute holds his place so well in the world, regardless of his handicaps.

Yours very truly,

STEPHEN SLANE.

He was a young man—a candidate for an agricultural constituency—and he was sketching in glowing colors to an audience of rural voters the happy life the laborer would lead under an administration for the propagation of sweetness and light. "We have not yet three acres and a cow, but it will come. Old-age pensions are still of the future, but they will come." Similarly every item of his comprehensive program was endorsed by the same parrot cry. Then he went on to talk of prison reforms. "I have not yet personally," he said, "been inside a criminal lunatic asylum." Then there was a voice from the back of the hall. "But it will come."



# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Manager

The *Silent Worker* is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The *Silent Worker* is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers all of whom are deaf.

Subscription Price: \$1.50 a year positively in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscription, \$1.75 Canada, \$1.65.

Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 33

July, 1921

No. 10

## The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

We are giving in this issue considerable space to the most powerful association of the deaf in existence, the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. This association has demonstrated what the deaf can do in the way organization. It also proves that schools for the deaf are progressing, for it takes brains to run an organization of such magnitude. The Society has nearly 5000 members and beginning July 11th they will convene in Atlanta, Georgia, for a whole week. The *SILENT WORKER* will be well represented at the convention and it is hoped that the frats will become better acquainted with our magazine.

## Support the Cause

The deaf have shown their willingness to support an independent magazine for, by and about the deaf. The number of *SILENT WORKERS* printed each month has, within the last few years, increased from eight hundred to nearly four thousand. The magazine is printed by the pupils of the New Jersey School for the Deaf in the school printing department so that the only expense is for materials, postage, etc. Yet, on the other hand, the circulation is restricted and consequently the advertising limited so that the *SILENT WORKER* is almost entirely dependent upon receipts from subscriptions to pay for materials. THE *SILENT WORKER* has grown from a sixteen page magazine, which contained much local and school news, to a magazine of fifty-two pages including the covers, the school news having been separated and printed in another magazine of from sixteen to twenty pages, called the *SUPPLEMENT*. The *SILENT WORKER* still hopes to become a bigger and better magazine and

to do so it will be necessary to raise the price on October 1st to \$2.00. We advise all of our old subscribers to renew before that date if they wish to secure the present rate of \$1.50. The next issue will be the October issue and will contain a woman's department, which will be edited by Mrs. George T. Sanders. Another department will also be opened entitled the "*SILENT WORKER Club*" edited by Warren M. Smaltz. The object of this department will be to give the deaf the modern spirit which is permeating the business world through such clubs as the Kiwanis, Rotary, and Lions, to set forth the spirit of boosting, the spirit of service, the spirit of co-operation.

Beginning with this issue there will continue indefinitely a "N. A. D." Department, edited by Mr. A. L. Roberts, which it is believed will be a welcome feature.

We hope this will be the last increase in price in the *SILENT WORKER*. With the subscription price at \$2.00 a year and an increase in subscriptions to about 5,000, the *SILENT WORKER* will become a much more important and influential magazine for the deaf.

## Volta's Advance

Just after going to press the *SILENT WORKER* received a notice that the price of the *Volta Review* would be \$3.00 beginning next October. It was too late to make the change in the advertisement and in our list of combinations. We therefore suggest that all those who desire to secure the *Volta Review* for next year will subscribe before the first of October and receive the benefit of the old rate, \$2.00.

## A Loss

The *SILENT WORKER* regrets to announce the withdrawal of Mr. James S. Reider as one of its contributors. For many years he has written for the *SILENT WORKER*. His readers will be disappointed and will certainly miss him. Mr. Reider states that he is working overtime at his trade and that as the *WORKER* has changed from a news sheet to a magazine he finds it impossible to get the time to write magazine articles. When the *WORKER* simply wanted news articles it was easy for him, so he is considering making way for someone who has more time at his disposal.

## California's Troubles

The California School for the Deaf and Blind is having troubles of its own. Sometime ago, Mr. Thomas McAloney, Superintendent of the Alleghany School for the Blind at Pittsburg, which is considered one of the finest institutions of its kind in the country, made a survey of the School for the Deaf and Blind at Berkeley, Calif. He recommended that the school be separated into two institutions, a school for the deaf and a school for the blind as has already been done in most states. A bill known as the Breed Bill was introduced adopting a policy of separation to take place as soon as practicable.

able and a new site to be purchased for the School for the Blind, the deaf to occupy the present site. The blind feared that they would be removed from the neighborhood of the University of California. As many of the graduates of the school attended the University, this would mean a loss to them, consequently they organized and succeeded in defeating the Breed bill and in passing a bill to the effect that the present buildings should be divided, the deaf to take part and the blind the other part and that an appropriation not to exceed \$70,000 be used for the construction of a building for the blind to take care of loss of space entailed by the separation. As the school has 120 acres most of which is on a side hill and only eight or ten acres available for building purposes, the School Board and the women's clubs are very much opposed to it. The President of the Board said it is not practical, will lead to all kinds of confusion, to the detriment of both the deaf and the blind.

The bill takes a step in advance by providing that both the Schools for the Deaf and for the Blind shall be placed directly under the State Board of Education.

## New Schools

Hon. Dr. R. S. Thorton, Provincial Minister of Education, on May 9th, laid the cornerstone of the Manitoba School for the Deaf. The contract price for this school is \$1,100,000, practically the same as the cost of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, Boston, Mass. The New Jersey School for the Deaf will soon lay the cornerstone for the construction of its primary department costing \$300,000. This will be the beginning of a new million dollar school, which, when completed, will be one of the best.

## Prospective Prodigies

Every year the newspapers discover a deaf and blind prodigy; a new Helen Keller in the making. The Wisconsin papers are not as modest as some of the others in saying their prodigy will rival Helen Keller; they say she surpasses Helen. They attribute to her the mysterious power of being able to definitely say when a person known to her is in a room, or has been in a room which she enters. We suggest this mysterious power may be no more than the sense of smell. A dog can always tell when any person known to him has been, or is, in a room he enters, even though he does not see them. Mr. Wade, a multi-millionaire from Pittsburg, who was a great authority on the deaf-blind, became interested in them through the study of the sense of smell. He was president of the American Dog Association and made a considerable study of the sense of smell of dogs. When he discovered that the deaf-blind had a highly developed sense of smell he made an investigation of them. He soon became interested in the deaf-blind and devoted himself to their welfare thereafter. These newspaper Helen Kellers usually fill a few pages of the Sunday sheet and are forgotten by the time the next one appears. No doubt there will be a deaf-

blind person who may excel Miss Keller in the same manner in which Miss Keller excelled Laura Bridgman, but it is seldom two such prodigies are found in the same generation.

## Vacation

Not long ago the United States was strictly an agricultural country. Some sections are now almost entirely so today. The farmer was always in need of the labor of his children to plant in the spring and to harvest in the fall. Consequently, many districts only had three months of school, others six, and the term of the schools gradually increasing to a nine months' period. But even where they have nine months of school the farmers often take their older boys and girls out in the early spring and send them back late in the fall. The children are kept busy at home and learn practical vocational work. Most of the schools are still clinging to the long vacation, a heritage from agricultural days, notwithstanding that today we are confronted with different problems, especially in our large industrial centers. The children who go home for the summer vacation in the industrial centers have nothing to do except to run the streets. No one has time for them except the loafers. Consequently, if they are home any length of time they become acquainted with an undesirable class of people who often entice them into evil ways. Even some of our little ones are given nickles by those who hang around the street corners and by this they are encouraged to beg. As most all of the pupils in some of the schools for the deaf come from these industrial centers, steps should be taken to shorten the vacation period. If the pupils are home only a short time they do not become acquainted with many outside of their immediate family and relatives and are willing to return to school, whereas if they remain a long time and acquire habits of loafing, they have no desire to come back. Three months to a small child is the same as years to an adult. They forget most all they have learned at school, they lose many of their good habits and acquire many that are not desirable. Already some of the public schools in the industrial centers are maintaining a twelve months' school. Schools for the deaf will not likely come to this, but they will come to shorter vacations and more of them.

A very prominent business man said he gave up educational work because he could not afford to loose one sixth of his time. He regarded a short vacation a necessity. Most teachers are compelled to hunt odd jobs during the summer. Too long a vacation is demoralizing to both teacher and pupil. Why should any profession require such a loss of time?

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The next number of the SILENT WORKER will be October 1921. If you wish to take advantage of the present rate of subscription send in \$1.50 now. After September 30, you will have to pay \$2.00.

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## A Pleasant Vacation to All!

# DEAFNESS---ITS COMPENSATIONS

By ALLAN

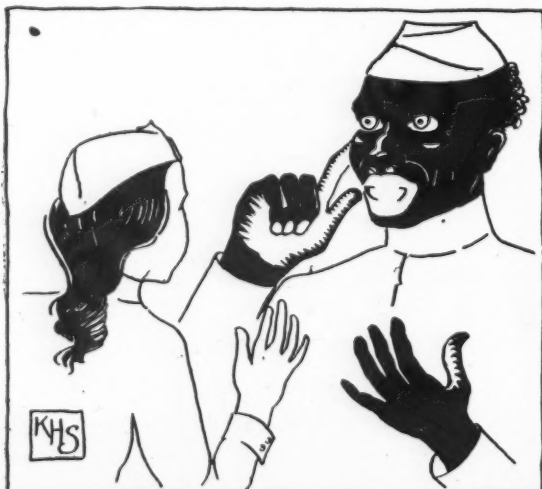


NE spring when we were still at college we attempted to write, for our Senior thesis, on compensations for deafness. We remember it was a beautiful day and so it was easy to start out bravely with a thick pad and a flock of young pencils. But we arrived at only one compensation and handed in our "thesis" with the sad commentary, "Sorry, but I can't think of any more."

The year's at the spring again. We take up the old "thesis." We wonder if we have found any new compensations. Perhaps so. Life has grown a little richer within and without for us.

We wish to explain at the outset that we do not pose as the Cheerful Optimist, better known in irreverent circles as the Cheerful Idiot. We realize that the quality of optimism, unlike mercy, is strained and leaves considerable dregs. These dregs constitute the Orson Swett Marsden, the Ralph Waldo Trine and the Doctor Crane school of "sweetness and light" writers. The resultant clear liquid, from which any remaining dregs have been precipitated by humor, may represent any human being without an in-growing grouch. We wish it understood we are not a Pollyanna. Strictly as an aside, we remark that Pollyanna is the most annoying young female we have ever met with in our lengthy meanderings in fiction. Elsie Dinsmore is the only one that approaches the "glad girl" in this respect. Pollyanna's logic is atrocious. Ours is not much better, but we have no intention of imploring you to be glad to-day because you were glad yesterday and, by the same logic, to be glad you are deaf because you might have been blind. Because we choose to find compensations for deafness is no sign that we pose and are blatant. Deafness is not a comedy, neither is it a tragedy. Still, as Mark Tapely would say, "There's credit in being jolly under the circumstances." So we laugh with the whimsical young man who, on being asked how he lost his hearing replied cheerfully, "When I was six years old, Father gave me a rocking horse and I was just tickled to deaf." Again, our risibilities are stirred, when, in answer to the same question, another replied just as cheerfully, "I done forgot how to hear."

Now for our compensations! Firstly, as our reverend brother would say, comes concentration. We quote this not because it comes within our own personal experience but because it is a word often used by employers of the deaf. Perhaps,



"I done forgot how to hear."



"The phone's constant ringing cannot disturb us."

the power to concentrate may come with deafness, but to us seems more a matter of temperament. However, we abide by the majority and cite the gentle art of being (whenever one wants to be) oblivious to this giddy globe as a compensation for deafness.

Compensation Two! There's lots of quiet in deafness. The Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises means nothing in our young life. Serenely we go our way, unaware of the cries of street-hawkers, the L train rounding a curve, the screams of too exuberant youth. These surround us, but still leave us, with our nerves in blissful repose. The annoyance of not being able to telephone is forgotten when we recollect that the phone's constant ringing can not disturb us. Speaking of unnecessary noises, there are times on the Subway when we are thankful we need only see our neighbor's gum-chewing and not hear it. And praise be to Allah that the intermittent flow of "He says to me an' I says to him" can not disturb the classic calm of our perusal of the evening paper. And Allah il Allah that the neighbor's Victrola and its jazz records are still to us, also the neighbor's tenor. This uneven tenor of our ways is the family's pet abomination. "You ought to be glad you can't hear him," they say, as they pass around the cotton.

Deafness stimulates ambition. We are doubtful about this. Let us say, rather, Deafness stirreth the sluggish liver. We have observed that a good many of the deaf achieve a better education, live better and are advanced more socially than they might have been otherwise. In a family the deaf child usually secures the most advantages and his education is, in many cases, advanced over that of his brothers and sisters. Deafness is a good mental stimulus. We have noticed when a deaf student enrolls in a class of hearing fellows he seldom falls behind. With himself, his conscience and his ego he forms a little "We will Show 'Em and Company." We have known cases where the deaf student has taken honors in such classes. It wasn't superior brain but just little "We'll Show 'Em and Company" making good.

Did you ever consider what an effective cloak deafness affords small transgressions? When we have been detected in a fib, or an act of imbecility, and are faced by the family verbal guns, we defend ourself as best we can. There are times when we falter and our defence starts crumbling. Then is the time we recollect that we are deaf and take a mean advantage. We try elaborately to lip-read. We just *can't* understand. We fetch our best imitation of a baby stare and say so. We become





The intermittent flow of "He says to me" and "I says to him" cannot disturb the classic calm of our perusal of the evening paper

plaintive and force a crocodile tear and wail that it is just terrible to be deaf. With such tactics the family guns are vanquished and we retire modestly behind our book, the victor! It was a clever hard-of-hearing friend who remarked that she could always get the last word, even from other women, by just turning off the acousticon. If this isn't a compensation, then, I ask you what is?

There is a compensation, which, if written in order of its importance, would, like Abou Ben Adhem, lead all the rest. What is it? Please, don't answer all at once! The Sign Language! It is impossible to over-estimate its influence for happiness on our lives. We do not consider it as a medium for communicating the three R's. Whether its effect on the language of the deaf is all the oralists claim it to be, we cannot say. Personally, we'd rather mix our verbs and say, "I seen the cat" than to be deprived of it. Picture for yourself what your life would be without the sign language. Terrible!

Why go further with compensations? As long as we have the sign language nothing matters very much. Come on, ye slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!

During a match at St. Andrews, Scotland, a rustic was struck in the eye accidentally by a golf ball. Running up to his assailant, he yelled:

"This'll cost ye five pounds—five pounds!"  
 "But I called out 'fore' as loudly as I could," exclaimed the golfer.  
 "Did ye, sir?" replied the troubled one, much appeased. "Weel, I didna hear: I'll take fower."

## Wanted

Refined Protestant hearing girl, sixteen to twenty-four years of age. Daughter of deaf parents. Light work and permanent home. Pleasant surroundings. Information. Address Box 273, Church Road and Ogontz avenue, Ogontz, Pennsylvania.

## Remarkable Versatility of Deaf Linotypist

A placard bearing the following words, "This booth is designed, built and erected by A. W. Pope, linotype operator-machinist with the Record Company, Printers," as shown in the City Hall building during the convention of the Florida State Commercial Secretaries' Association held on June 6th and 7th, 1921, at St. Augustine, Florida, tells the wonderful story of his achievement. There was a number of booths arranged by outside printing firms, but this particular one was the cynosure of all critical eyes throughout the sessions, not because of its size or number of exhibits, but primarily because of its classy and unique construction patterned after the old City Gates, and the tasteful display of the samples of colorwork printing. The booth, even bestripped of the exhibit, would be worth making a trip to visit. Mr. Pope was the man of the hour and the complete success of the demonstration was attributable to the mechanical genius of this remarkable deaf-mute printer. Mr. Pope has associated himself with the Record Company for upwards of twelve years and during this long tenure he has made many valuable improvements in the composing room, thus reducing the equipment to a science and saving the firm an unnecessary outlay of considerable size. Being a skilled artisan he has accomplished many devices tending to reduce the waste of time and labor to a minimum, and also has repaired many an article needed in the business office or in the mechanical room. As a linotype operator-machinist Mr. Pope has few equals and no superiors. His faultless composition on resort booklets and other publications, the quality of which the Record Company is famed throughout the Southern states and other sections of the United States, has received the most favorable comment of many a discriminating buyer of printing. Mr. Pope is inclined to inventive preferment and has several practical and economical ideas which, if successfully evolved, will revolutionize the type-setting industry.

FRANK E. PHILPOTT.

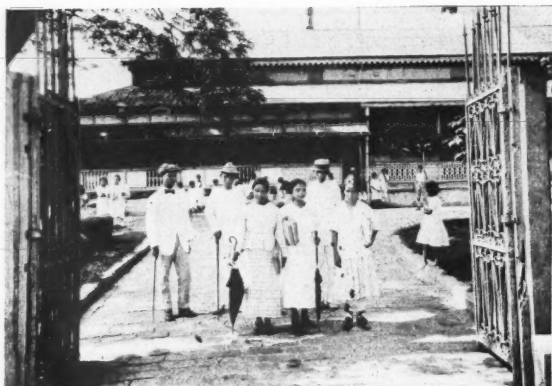


PORTRAIT ARTIST

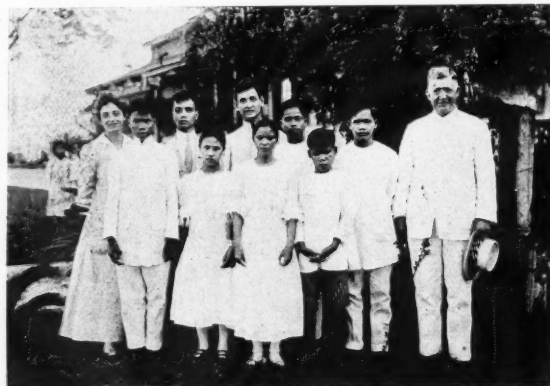
Anthony P. Krieger, 4314 West Warren avenue, Detroit, Michigan, is an artist; attended the Pennsylvania School of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, several years ago. He draws a perfect portrait from any one in less than twenty minutes. He also enlarges small pictures. Any one desiring to have pictures enlarged, write him.—Adv.

# Pictorial Review of the Philippine School for the Deaf at Manila

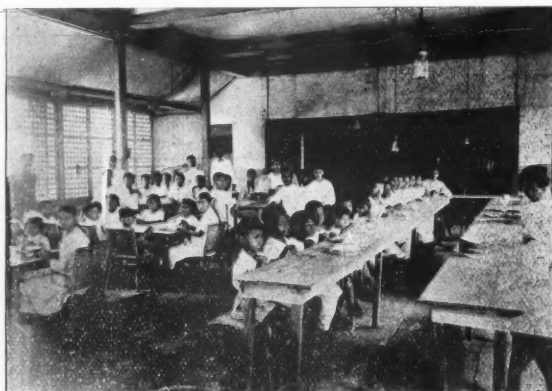
*Courtesy of Bureau of Education  
Manila, P. I.*



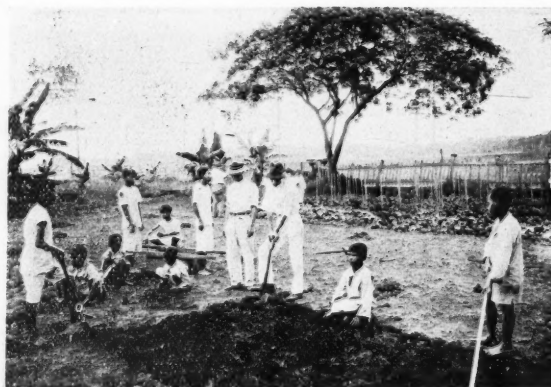
Six blind students of Manila High School on their way to school. This is an experiment in educating the blind with the seeing students.



Miss Delight Rice, principal and teacher, at the extreme left and Mr. Charles M. Rice, teacher, at the extreme right are Americans



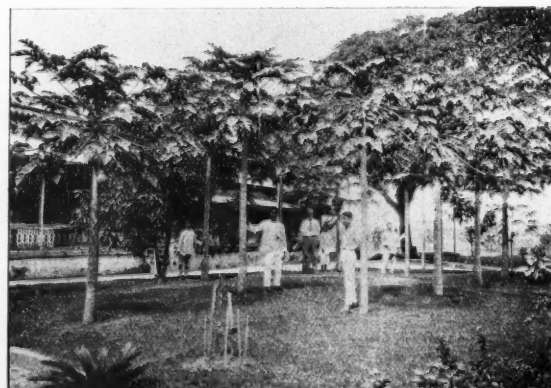
Chow time



Blind boys preparing their garden plot.



Filipino Deaf and Blind graduates with Miss Delight Rice



Some of the papaya trees belonging to the deaf boys.

# ATHLETICS

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this Department)

Edited by F. A. MOORE

## NOAH DOWNES By "GOSH"



ONE DAY back in the winter of 1917-18 in a game between the Kendall School and the Maryland School for the Deaf there appeared upon the Kendall Green gymnasium floor a tall loosely-jointed lad. At first sight every-

body laughed inwardly for he could not see how the joints of this fellow could keep from flying to the various corners of the gymnasium, but as the game progressed the spectators came to realize that in this boy there were the makings of a real star. And this lanky lad was none other than Noah Downes, probably the greatest basketball player in deafdom since Prof. Naismith, of the Springfield Young Men's Training School, discovered that basketball could be played with peach baskets as objective points.

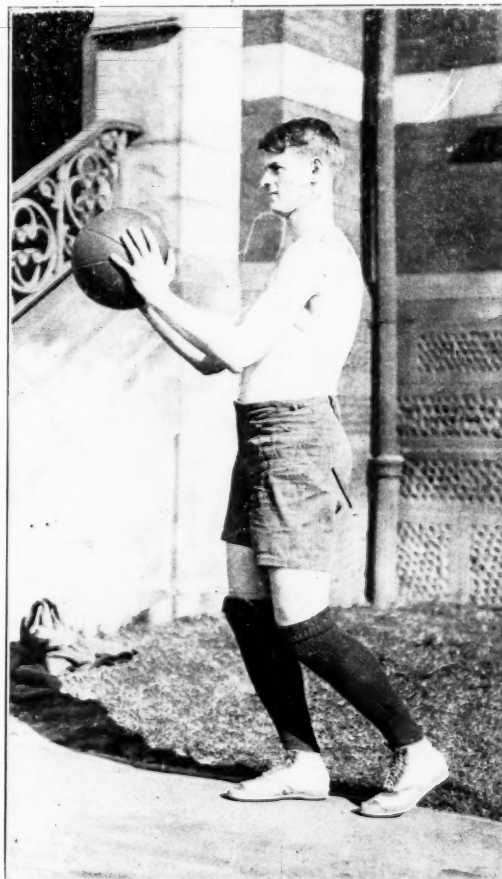
Naturally the Gallaudet boys got after Noah (by the way he disclaims any blood relationship to the Noah of Bible fame, or to the one of Dictionary fame—how modest!) and succeeded in inducing him to buck the entrance examinations. Here his hard knocks in basketball proved beneficial for he out-bucked the exams, and without the aid of a "pony," too.

In college, he of course started showing the other fellows, both at home and on the road, the real and scientific art of playing basketball. His team won the District of Columbia Championship and he got his picture in the papers with this epithet attached, "All South Atlantic Right Forward." And that was all he wanted for the following year he left college in the middle of the term. Here we find a stream of burning letters containing all sorts of soft-job offers all the way from Akron to his door in St. Petersburg, Florida (where we find him playing professional baseball) urging him to come to join the Goodyear Silents. And just then Goodyear busted so now we find him taking his time easy with the "provincial" teams of his home town, Frederick, down in Maryland.

Noah Downes was born in 1898, seven years after the Springfield students gave the sport its baptism. He has

been able to play basketball ever since throwing a rattle from a cradle. Before the eighteenth month he was able to flip his spoon into the jelly bowl with the accuracy by which he drops a basketball through the nets from the foul line. At the age of four and a half he could toss

his pet kitten into the steaming coffee-pot thirteen feet distant. About that age he received much hip practice from his dad's whip. Today he exercises a mean hip movement. He knows how to use his hips without diminishing the attractiveness of his style of play. It has been noticed that he is never removed from the game on account of personal fouling. He can draw a foul most any time his team needs a point or two. On the other hand he can foul with a wriggle of his hips without drawing the attention of the officials. It all comes from the backyard training. When young the only way his opponents could stop him was to open the cellar door near the north goal of the backyard court. Washlines proved no obstacles for this fearless athlete. Here also Noah learned to shoot fouls in darkness through the hoops without ruffling the net. Electric lights were scarcely known then. His records run up into the hundreds. He misses occasionally just to show



NOAH DOWNES

that it can be done.

At college Noah also played football. He could put a deceptive twist to a football on a forward pass, and like "Lefty" Marshall, could twist most any thing that got in his way. In baseball he was good enough to be strangled by Connie Mack of the Lowly Athletics. But later was farmed out to a Florida team.

Noah's favorite pastime is dodging the girls and avoiding cigarettes. He's so modest and all he knows of cigarettes is the advertisements he reads.



### WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF

This institution has always enjoyed a successful basketball season, and this year was no exception. Their schedule was much harder, in fact they went out of their class to meet several college teams, but nevertheless they proved equal to the task. They won 12 out of their 15 games.

The team jumped into prominence by defeating the Coraopolis Collegians 38 to 30. This team had previously won from Geneva College, which had just defeated the Princeton University varsity.

The team expects to enjoy another favorable season next year because they are to lose only two veterans through graduations.

### THE OKLAHOMA TRACK TEAM

We take pleasure in giving to the public a few of the feats which the respective members of Folly's track team have pulled off this season, and also a few accomplishments which they expect to do in the near future. In the picture is seen the cups which the team won at the county meet recently and besides this the team has won 18 medals, 12 of which are gold, 5 silver, and 1 bronze.

Reading from left to right, No. 1 is Schalk who did the quarter in 55 2/5 at the district meet, breaking the record of the meet. He also did the 220 in 22 2/5, but was disqualified for cutting in on the track. No. 2 is Dawson who goes the 220 in 23 sec. and the 440 in 55 flat. He was second to Schalk at the district meet in the 440 because he had just ran the half mile in 2:14, finishing second. No. 3. is Hill, sub., but promising in quarter and 220. No. 4 is Irby who does the century in 10 3/5. He is also good at the 220 and pole-vaulting, and is a member of the relay team. No. 5 is Methany who does the 100 in 10 2/5 and jumps 20 feet 11 inches. No. 6 is Calome who, pole vaults over 10 feet, is a member of relay, dashes the century in 10 4/5. He is the quarterback



OKLAHOMA TRACK TEAM



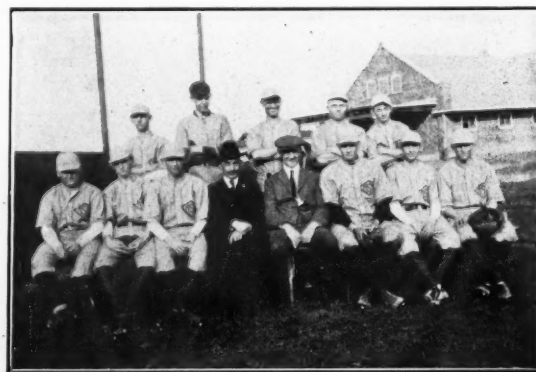
From Left to right—Harry Fox, guard; Harold Smith, manager; Roy Ludovico, guard; Sitting—John Stanton, center; John Wagel, guard; Captain George W. McKnight, guard; and center; Howard McElroy, forward; Ernest McElro, forward.

of the school team. Enters Gallaudet next fall and will in all probability cinch the quarterback job. The last little round fellow is the great, big Folly. [By the way Folly why not ship C. O. D. the whole bunch to Gallaudet? She needs such men.—Ed.]

### SECOND HOY LOOMS

In right-fielder Lawrence Cranford, of Jackson (Miss.), Mississippi State League team, a second William E. Hoy, of Chicago White Sox fame years back, looms up. Cranford a six-foot, clear eyed youth, is a graduate of the Mississippi School for the Deaf, and was coached by S. W. Harris '12 and afterward by E. S. Foltz '15, Gallaudet College graduates. Cranford was originally a catcher and a nifty one at that, and was coaching and back-stopping for his alma mater when the keen-eyed Manager Rebel Oaks, formerly with the Cincinnati Reds, signed him up, much to the delight of the Jackson fans who know his record.

Cranford's team won eight out of nine games with ten more to play previous to his being signed up. We are certain the team will win many of the remainder.



CRANFORD'S PROTEGES

## THE SEATTLE FRATS

This team boasts of an unusually good record up in the northwest corner of the country. They defeated the School for the Deaf team 18 to 12, and the Portland Frats twice, 19 to 18, and again later 27 to 18. The team participated in the City League and did credit to itself. They won newspaper praise for their clean sportsmanship.

## AMATEURISM VS. PROFESSIONALISM

It is a regret that the Employee's Activities Committee of Goodyear has decided to drop football from its official sport list. It has caused the Goodyear Silents, one of the best amateur football teams in the country, to turn to independent football, which is a milder name for professionalism, for do not the players share in the profits? In former years, the players played for the love of the sport and for glory, but henceforth they will be playing for the size of the stipulation. And when such is the case clean playing invariably sneaks out via the back door. In other words good sportmanship which is one of the chief characteristics of the deaf player, and the underlying principle of the Goodyear athletic system will take to wings.

The question of good and bad sportmanship is essential to Goodyear in general. A company whose men have been trained to practices of honesty, generosity, and fair play in its internal and external dealings, especially so in sports, is bound to increase its good-will in every respect. The opposite is likewise true. We all know that if we resort to the doctrine of "Might is Right" in sports, we will soon find the entire organization of the Company to accept the same point of view. And we all know this is not what Goodyear desires. Although there is a desire to maintain a high standard in professional athletics, it has been found that, when money is a consideration, fair play disappears from the scene, and when it does we all know the results, and these of course will reflect upon the Company as a whole. Far better that the Com-

## THE SEATTLE FRATS

Top: Left to Right: B. Wilson, guard; A. Lenner, sub. guard, L. Palmer, guard, F. Kuhn, R. Forward, C. Wood, Center; W. West, sub. center; O. Sonders, Left Forward and Manager.



pany should lose \$500 through injuries to its players than to have its name tarnished. Some one might put forth the argument that the Company is safe since the Silents will not be playing for it. This fails utterly because in the first place is not every one of the players a member of the Goodyear Silent Athletic Club which is under the direction of the Employee's Activities Committee. Secondly it is in almost every instance a fact that whenever a prominent team composed of deaf men puts in an appearance in and around Ohio, it will at once be recognized as belonging to Goodyear. This is because of the past reputations of its various teams.


Seldom has a team made such a splendid reputation, both in regard to victories and good sportmanship, as the Goodyear Silents. And in spite of our doubts to the contrary, we sincerely hope the players will continue to uphold their good name for the sake of the Company which has been so good to them, and also for the sake of their many admirers.



UNDER THE "PRO" SCHEME

UNDER THE AMATEUR SCHEME

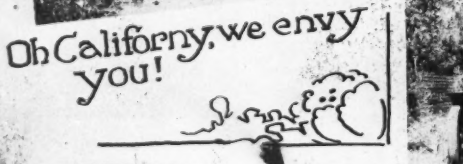
# OUTING of the LOS ANGELES SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB



Athletic Director Clements and his Pet.

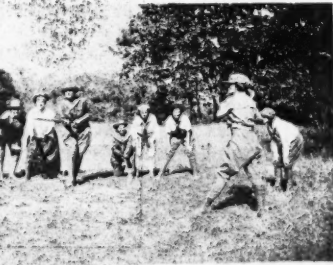


Now wonder the boys flopped




Oh Californy, we envy you!





All Ready!



Typical Californy Smiles

## SPORTETTES

The ball game played on Illini Field with the Missouri School for the Deaf was a remarkable event in our baseball history. It was the first time that our ball team played with a team from another school for the deaf.

A large crowd was in attendance and there was much excitement throughout the game.

Several persons from the Missouri school attended the game, making the trip by automobile.

The game was one of the best ever staged on Illini Field. Both teams were in fine shape but the Missouri team seemed to be more experienced. Our team, having been organized from

raw material only a month ago, and under many difficulties, was not the equal of the Missouri team, but made a good showing and gave the opposing team a hard battle.

The score stood 7 to 3 at the end of ten tough innings.

—Illinois Advance.

Down in Laredo, Texas, Florencio Rendon seems to be doing unusually well in the pitching line, both as regards alfalfa and baseball. In the morning, he pitched two unusually large loads of alfalfa and in the afternoon he brought victory to his team with his wonderful arm. His team won 19 to 13.

We have just been informed that the Goodyear Silent Athletic Club has entered a team in the American Industrial Athletic Association Baseball League of Akron. Since this is so we sincerely hope that "Lefty" Marshall, "Big Six" Rasmussen, and "Wicked" Wickline will throw in their services with their brethren. It would be a very fine thing if the Silents should cop the pennant. And from what we have heard of the strength of the other teams in the league, we feel certain, it can be done. Russell Moore has been chosen coach and manager of the team. Mr. Moore's services as manager of the various athletic teams of the club must be of a high calibre else they would not be in demand so much.

The 1920 foot-ball squad held a banquet in honor of their coach, Mr. Foltz, on May the thirteenth in the Domestic Science room. After the banquet the boys presented a gold foot-ball fob to him for his work since the two years he has been here.

—The Oklahoman.



HOW DOWNES LEARNED FOUL SHOOTING.



# National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1880. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

## OFFICERS

JAMES H. CLOUD, *President.*  
Principal Gallaudet School, St. Louis, Mo.

JAMES W. HOWSON, *First Vice-President.*  
Instructor School for the Deaf, Berkeley, California.

CLOA G. LAMSON, *Second Vice-President.*  
Teacher School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio.



ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *Secretary and Treasurer.*  
Principal Kendall School, Washington, D. C.

OLOF HANSON, *Board Member.*  
Architect, Seattle, Washington.

JOHN H. McFARLANE, *Board Member.*  
Teacher School for the Deaf, Talladega, Ala.

ALEX. L. PACH, *Board Member.*  
Photographer, New York City, N. Y.

## OBJECTS

- To educate the public as to the Deaf;
- To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf;
- To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
- To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
- To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the civil service or other lines of employment;
- To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for the deaf children;
- To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single methods to all;
- To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil,—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
- To raise an endowment fund, the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;
- To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De L'Epee,—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

## MEMBERSHIP

Regular Members: Deaf citizens of the United States;  
Associate Members: Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

## FEES AND DUES

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50c. Life membership, \$10 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.

Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.

Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

will get the best magazine for the deaf in the world at a reduced rate.

The announcements, reports, etc., of the N. A. D. will appear regularly in *The SILENT WORKER*.

## Notice of Dues Payable

On June 1, 1921, the yearly dues of Fifty cents became payable.

On account of the greatly increased membership, it will save the Secretary-treasurer much routine work if as many members as possible send in their dues at once without waiting to be notified by card.

If in doubt as to what you owe, send in fifty cents or a dollar, and your account will be adjusted accordingly.

Dues may be paid through local Branch and organization treasurers, or state organizers, who will forward same to me. Where this cannot be done, dues should be sent direct to me.

When dues are received, either through Branches, organizers, or direct, the Secretary-treasurer will mail receipts to members, showing to what date they are paid up.

Preserve these receipts. They will keep you posted as to your status, and save the local organizers and the home office much work in checking up members.

Your co-operation will be greatly appreciated.

All dues should be sent, in the manner indicated above, to

A. L. ROBERTS, Secretary-treasurer,  
Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.

## Life Membership

The NATIONAL ASSOCIATION wants a STABLE and PERMANENT membership.

The ASSOCIATION is NOT in business TO MAKE MONEY.

IT is in business to DO THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER.

To ACCOMPLISH this, it MUST HAVE MONEY to PAY OPERATING EXPENSES.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP helps both YOU and the ASSOCIATION.

It frees you of the BOTHER in paying SMALL ANNUAL DUES; it gives YOU a CERTAIN PRIDE in the knowledge that YOU are a PERMANENT MEMBER of an association STRIVING TO BETTER THE CONDITION OF THE DEAF; it places YOU on the LARGE and GROWING ROLL of HONOR composed of LIFE MEMBERS.

The ASSOCIATION is relieved of the TROUBLE and EXPENSE in collecting small annual dues; it secures a PERMANENT and DEPENDABLE membership; and is ENABLED to INAUGURATE PROJECTS that otherwise would be IMPOSSIBLE.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP is now fixed at TEN DOLLARS.

## The Silent Worker and The N. A. D.

The Executive Board of the N. A. D. has decided to suspend publication of the "NAD" quarterly, which has been issued for the past five years.

Instead, the Association will each month use space in *The SILENT WORKER*. It is felt that this arrangement will better serve the purpose than the publication of the Quarterly.

The WORKER management has agreed to a clubbing arrangement whereby N. A. D. members may pay their dues and have *The SILENT WORKER* for one year all for \$1.50. In the case of new members joining the N. A. D. and wishing to take the WORKER, the combination would be \$2.00. Thus:

	Silent Worker	Both for	Saved
Membership in N. A. D. ..	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00
Yearly dues N. A. D. ....	.50	1.50	1.50
			\$ .50

Of course, this arrangement does not make it compulsory for members to take the WORKER, but it is hoped that as many as possible will avail themselves of this privilege, whereby they

This sum at 4 or 5 per cent interest gives the Association a return of from forty to fifty cents yearly. The expense of collecting the yearly dues is close to ten cents per member.

Both from YOUR standpoint and that of the ASSOCIATION, LIFE MEMBERSHIP is PREFERABLE to the payment of SMALL ANNUAL DUES.

Let us have MORE LIFE MEMBERS. Let us ADD YOUR NAME to the list of IMMORTALS who have joined the TRIUMPHAL MARCH toward STABILITY, ECONOMY, and EFFICIENCY.

Send your TEN DOLLARS to the Secretary-treasurer, who will record your name and deposit the money in the ENDOWMENT FUND.

## N. A. D. Pins and Buttons



The Secretary-treasurer has on hand a supply of NAD buttons and pins, as pictured in accompanying cut, finished in gold and blue enamel. The pins are suitable for ladies, the buttons for men. These emblems are very attractive, and will be sent to any member post-paid for seventy-five cents. Send orders to the Secretary-treasurer, N. A. D., Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.

## Atlanta, 1923

The Executive Board of the National Association of the Deaf, by unanimous vote, has designated Atlanta, Georgia, as the convention city in 1923.

The Georgians are already actively at work, arranging for the Fourteenth Triennial convention. The Georgians are hustlers from the drop of the hat, and sometimes they don't even wait for the hat to drop: they race right in and do things.

We confidently expect the Georgians, with the help of the SOLID SOUTH, to put the Fourteenth Convention over in a manner even surpassing Detroit. They have a good and early start, and the success of the convention is assured, from local arrangements and financial standpoints.

WATCH ATLANTA and begin making arrangements NOW for the TIME OF YOUR LIFE in 1923.

## N. A. D. Booth at Atlanta

At the Atlanta convention of the N. F. S. D., July 11-16, the N. A. D. will have a booth, presided over by Mrs. C. L. Jackson of Atlanta. At this booth any information desired concerning the N. A. D. may be obtained. A supply of pins and buttons will be on sale. Fees and dues may be paid to Mrs. Jackson there, which will be forwarded the Secretary-treasurer in due time, saving members the inconvenience of sending in small amounts by mail.

## Notice to Organizers and Agents

If you have not already done so, an effort should be made to collect all dues in your district, as well as secure new members. In another column will be found an explanation of the arrangement with The SILENT WORKER, whereby dues and fees and subscriptions to the paper may be taken at the same time at a reduced rate. This arrangement should be explained to members and others who have not learned of it. Emphasis should be placed on the value and convenience of Life Membership, and as many Life Members obtained as possible.

When you have collected and sent in all dues possible, the Secretary-treasurer will send you a list of those in your district who are still in arrears, and this list should serve as a guide

in completing the canvas in your locality. The Secretary-treasurer expects to send out these lists some time in August, so it behooves organizers and agents to make their reports as early as possible.

In sending in fees and dues, with subscriptions for THE WORKER, the fact should be carefully noted so no confusion may result.

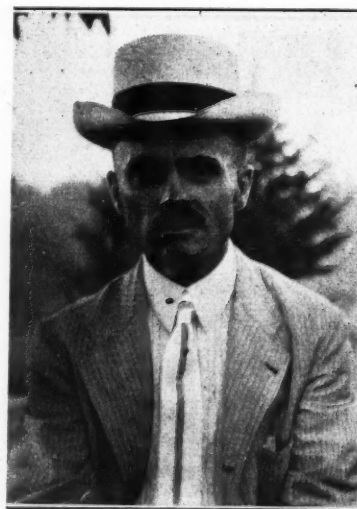
The Secretary-treasurer expects you to cover your district thoroughly and feels sure that every organizer and agent will report 100 per cent results.

## Labor Bureau Bill Before Congress

The bill creating a Bureau for the Deaf in a department of the Federal Government, has been reintroduced in the House by Representative Raker, of California.

Early in May, hearings on the proposed new Department of Public Welfare were held jointly by the Committees on Education and Labor of the Senate and the House.

It was hoped at the time that the Bureau for the Deaf might be included in the plans for this new Department, and on invitation of Charman Kenyon, the case of the deaf was laid before the joint meeting of the two committees. Chairman W. P. Souder of the N. A. D. Committee on the Civil Service, and the Secretary-treasurer presented arguments in favor of the deaf. It was later announced that the proposed Department of Public Welfare was intended to include only such branches of the Federal service as were already established. An effort will be made at this session to have our Bureau created in the Department of Labor, and, if deemed advisable, it might later be transferred to the Department of Public Welfare should it be established.



A. L. ROBERTS  
Secretary-Treasurer of the National Association of the Deaf. Photograph taken by Henry Pulver at Mt. Airy last summer while attending the Teachers' Convention. The editor of the Silent Worker inserts this etching of our hard-working and conscientious Secretary-Treasurer without his knowledge.

## A Trip to France

### PART III

(Concluded)



HE tombs were far from well-kept, and there was only our judgment to guide us as to which tomb was that of our quest, but we think it was one with a broken cross having no name on it. After photographing this, we returned to our lorry and continued for Lens, on our way, being held up while some dumps were exploded—a truly realistic and wonderful sight. Indeed, we very nearly paid for our curiosity with our lives, for we were only turned back in the nick of time; and, again, a little later, we went within inches of a shell which may or may not have been a "dud." Lens proved to be even worse than the other ruins, nothing coming above knee-height from the ground, while its once famous coal mines were naught but mass upon mass of scrap iron and dross. Indeed, the whole scene was typical of the very abomination of desolation itself, and a literal fulfilment of the Biblical teaching on such matters.

From Lens, we turned homewards, stopping in a market-town, Carvin, to see its ruined church, into which we all went for a few minutes; and about six P. M. returned to Lille, sadder if wiser men, and full of sympathy for the sufferings of our grievously-stricken brethen. At my suggestion our driver was entertained to supper and his health was drunk, after which we separated to our rooms to reflect on the events of a never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

The next morning again turned hot, and we were all at the deaf cafe by 8 A. M., our breakfast being enlivened by the drain-cart calling to clear away a week's drainage, and so exposing us to the risk of typhoid and other Lille complaints—the more especially since the kitchen was next the w. c. and only a thin partition, and that not very high, divided them. This was one of the typical risks that those who visit a war area must expect to run—hence this plain reference. Probably beneath the city walls, when the ruins are dealt with, numerous dead bodies will be found; so it can be imagined that Lille was far from being a health resort at this period of its existence, the Germans having left it only a few months previously. The train service to Paris had only just been re-established, and still went in many places at a walking pace.

Our programme on this occasion was a visit to the local school for the deaf. On our way thither, we saw an American encampment for consumptive and starving children, which greatly interested Mr. Jones. Our way, a long and hot one, then lay along a path on which bicycle after bicycle tore past us, to our great danger and annoyance, especially as regards our deaf members.

Arrived at the school, we were received by the headmaster, who informed us with sorrow that, like Mother Hubbard's dog, we had come to a bare cupboard, since but the shell of what had been one of the best equipped schools in France now remained. This, we saw only too vividly for ourselves whilst we walked through the bare rooms, many of them in a fearful state of disrepair, and imagined the luxurious class-rooms and ordered surroundings of a former day. The school, having been commandeered as barracks for German soldiers, had suffered accordingly, and the poor headmaster himself had been a prisoner in Germany for a great part of the war period.

Naturally, he was overjoyed to be even at his school again, fearful as was the task of reconstruction that faced him and his scattered staff. As we saw, he was setting about it bravely and progress was being made, and they hoped that they might be able to receive children before the end of the year. He, very kindly, gave me some postcards of the place and was much interested in my views of the Caravan and other English mission work, as also were other French people that we met in the course of our tour.

Our return home was much shorter, and after our usual lunch we held a meeting for the purpose of making the Guild inter-

national and for the discussion of a grant to the poverty-stricken deaf at Lille. It was agreed, too, that a banner should be obtained for the Guild and if possible a grant of 500 francs should be given to the new French Deaf Institute in Paris. After which, V. Jones, Henri Gaillard and one or two other Frenchmen made their way to the station, where I saw them off to Paris. We then wrote letters and took a little walk in the city, and, thanks to Mr. Healy, who was not unnaturally a little fatigued, a drive in a carriage. Then came supper and bed and the final packing, and early next day Mr. Gilby arranged to get tickets for Amiens by a different route, but was so much delayed that we missed the train and had to wander about the city till 2 P. M., when at last we got off more dead than alive. Once more in a second-class compartment, my first task was to render first aid by means of Brand's meat lozenges and other such stuff. The journey, however, was again extremely interesting, for we passed Vitry, Arras and Albert, all which resembled Lens in being shattered almost beyond repair. At Albert, where we were stopped a while by signal, we caught a glimpse of the celebrated Virgin which was on the church tower at right-angles for so long, and for whose fall men waited expectantly, hoping it would bring the end.

From Albert to Amiens was not a long way, and by 5 P. M. we got a good hotel and room close to the station, and some of us went to see the cathedral, which mercifully was but little damaged by the shelling it had to endure in the latter stages of the war. After a comfortable night, May, Gilby, Toms and I being in one room—I sleeping most comfortably on a deck chair—we set off by the third-class *via* Abbeville and Etaples for Boulogne, and by 4 P. M.—all passport and other formalities having been complied with (not very serious, Gilby's excellent French and general *savoir faire* helping us wonderfully)—we were once again comfortably established on the English boat, which again was crowded with nurses, officers and other passengers going to "Blighty" on various errands of business or pleasure, as the case might be. Having third-class tickets, we were put on the last train and were consequently much delayed owing to Mr. Balfour and some other Ministers crossing with us on business of State. Still by 11 P. M. we all separated once more at Victoria, and a memorable and important diplomatic and historical trip to the war zone of France was over.

SELWYN OXLEY,  
Honorary Secretary  
Guild of St. John of Beverley.

## First Iowa Picnic

As the population of Southern California is made up chiefly of Easterners it is the custom for the different state societies to celebrate in the form of annual picnics, thus: the Ohio Picnic, the Illinois Picnic, the Missouri Picnic, etc. In the deaf circles of Los Angeles, Iowa is well represented, probably to the number of thirty. These enterprising people came together recently and held their first picnic. Twenty former Iowans were present, besides many visitors from other states.

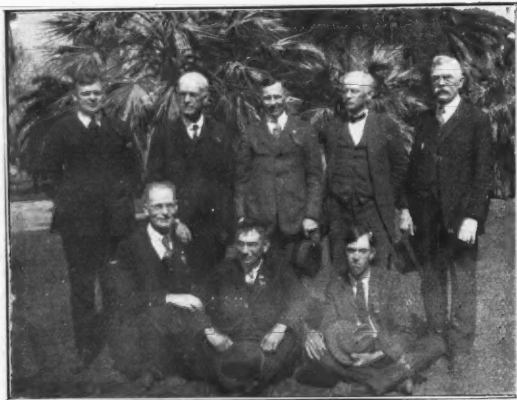


First Annual Picnic of the Iowa Deaf in Los Angeles, Cal.



The affair proved so enjoyable that an Iowa society was straightway organized, with J. O. Harris, President, he having lived in California longer than any other Iowan present; Harry Whalen, Vice-president; John W. Barrett, Secretary

PICNICING IN LOS ANGELES.  
March 20, 1921.



Some Deaf Carpenters of Los Angeles, Cal.



Left to right—Mr. Whalen, Miss Meyers, Miss Hitesman,  
Mr. Wilman



Once residents of Des Moines, Ia.

and Treasurer. Mr. W. H. Rothert was chosen to select an appropriate name for the new society and to prepare a constitution and by-laws. Credit for the success of the picnic and the new movement is due entirely to Isom P. Haworth.



I. P. HAWORTH  
Who brought about first Picnic of Deaf



# DEAF?

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**THE JOY OF HEARING CAN BE YOURS AGAIN!**

The New Acousticon has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have ever tried, just ask for a free trial of the New Acousticon. You'll get it promptly and if it doesn't make you hear, return it and you will owe us nothing—not one cent.

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## INVESTMENT BONDS

I take pleasure in offering the facilities of our Investment Service and Statistical Departments.

As members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges, we execute orders thereon and elsewhere in all classes of bonds.

I desire to be of assistance in furnishing information as to bonds and contemplated investments.

Enquiries are invited, and I shall be glad to be of service.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM  
18 West 107th Street,  
NEW YORK CITY.

*Correspondent of  
Lee, Higginson & Company.*

### SELF DISCIPLINE.

Self discipline means self mastery. in its best sense it means self education And to educate self is to bring out of yourself your very best talents in an orderly and systematic fashion. Did you ever observe a well trained and disciplined army. There is no fraction or lost motion, every action and every movement counts.

To arrive at self mastery, you must learn to control your temper, your likes, your dislikes, your habits and your desire. Many have found this to be no easy task. And some have discovered it to be a tremendous job, almost beyond their ability. Did you ever try to do some one thing that you dreaded and did not want to do, each day? The boy or girl who through untiring and determined effort brings every ability, desire and emotion under his or her control will have fashioned a life prepared for great deeds. Seemingly hard tasks come easy and work is a delight.

Rally your forces. Find out what you can do. Train your body, educate your mind, discipline your abilities. Do some things each day for no other reason than that you would rather not do them. Tighten the cords. Leave no important task undone, and success is yours because you have learned self mastery through self discipline.—Ex.

### NO "NATIONAL" IN TITLE.

There is only one national bank in the United States which does not have "national" as a part of its name. It is the Bank of North America for Philadelphia. A special act of Congress is required to permit a national bank to operate as such without indicating the fact that it is a national bank in its name.

## PACH PHOTOGRAPHER



TRINITY BUILDING  
SUITE 2122-2123

III BROADWAY  
NEW YORK

## NO--NOT A MOVIE

GLASS SLIDES ARE  
NOW OUT OF DATE

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PENSE CUT IN TWO

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IS  
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GREATEST  
BOON  
TO  
LANTERN  
USES  
EVER  
OFFERED



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417 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

# The Blackfoot River Gang

By BOB WHITE



AD, indeed, is the man or woman who has no love for Nature and fails to enjoy it. To sleep out in the open and gaze up into the heavens at night and marvel at the countless stars, one cannot help but acknowledge the greatness of God's handiwork. To experience this, it is sure to make better men and women of all those who go out and enjoy what God intended—His great Outdoors. Young people must have recreation; old people must have relaxation, and the secret of all this lies right at your backdoor; the mountains and the streams beckon to you.

There is Indian in all of us; it is bound to break out at some time in our lives. Sooner or later the call of the outdoors will reach you, just as it has reached the writer for the past forty years—in the early summer, and the early fall. In the summer it is the call of the stream; in the fall, of the mountains and the hills when the harvest moon looks down upon the garnered sheaves; when the leaves are taking on their purple and yellow and gold.

It matters not to me what your station in life is, nor how high a position you have attained; whether you are a Mormon, a Gentile or a Philistine, is of no interest to me. If you prefer that stuffy fifth floor office of yours to a week's or better yet, a month's relaxation from business cares, out in the open, along some stream where you can breathe the pure, uncontaminated mountain air, all that I can say is you are missing one of the greatest enjoyments of life.

No doubt your excuse will be: "Business is business."

Oh, yes, I was what you call a "business" man once, but that didn't give me a chance to make an excuse. The fact is, I let business "go to the dogs," and when I returned, I invariably felt better after the brief respite I had, and the "business" was still there, none the worse for the trip.

In other words, there is no such word as "business" in the outdoorsman's dictionary, at least not for the writer.

I am not going to weary you about the long trip from Ogden (Utah) to Soda Springs (Idaho) for it was made without anything worth mentioning, but after Soda Springs was reached the real part of the trip started.

From here to the Blackfoot Ranch the road was no more than a trail and in many places merely room for the motorcycle to get thru without hitting the sides of the road. It was the crookedest road I ever saw, winding in and out among the hills and buttes in a most bewildering manner. It was the writer's first ride in the side car of a motorcycle. Charley Underwood, the driver, seemed to hit only the high places, and the way he took some of the sharp curves caused the side-car to rise clear of the ground. The ride seemed an eternity, but in making

the summit of a hill, there lie the ranch a short distance from us, cool and inviting as an oasis in the desert.

I had been told that the Blackfoot river which wends its way thru the ranch was alive with trout, some of which weighed as high as twelve pounds, while there were smaller ones of the different species. The Blackfoot is a branch of the Snake, which is famed for its fine trout fishing. It certainly did look good to me, but after days of earnest efforts, with but a few trout to reward my efforts, I had about decided that Charley had stretched the truth. But "it is not all of fishing just to fish," so I bided my time until more favorable conditions, as I always do. There are days when the trout will not take any bait which is offered them; then, again, they will take most anything presented them for a few days, when they suddenly cease to strike at anything.

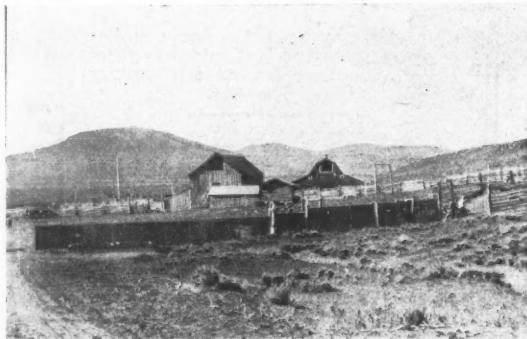
There was plenty of excitement at the ranch every day, as I had arrived at a time when they were in the midst of breaking horses, which had been driven in from the range after being turned out to shift for themselves for the greater part of the winter. This work went on from early morning until late at night. Of course, all that of fishing had left my mind, as it is intensely interesting to watch these riders of the plains go

about their work in "breaking" these animals, which have heretofore never felt the touch of human hands.

First they were roped, blindfolded, and, as soon as the saddle was securely cinched, one of the boys would mount. Sometimes the horse would stand perfectly still, seemingly dazed at the strange load on its back, then it would rear straight up on its hind legs, coming down with a terrific force which would have unseated an unskilled rider. But when the Blackfoot boys get on a horse they are there to stay, and the horse soon realizes it, for after a long, stiff fight in an endeavor to unseat the rider, they gave up. But when they were hitched to the wagon they became frantic, and several times they pitched through the strong corral fences, upsetting the wagon, and throwing the driver out, but he invariably held on to the reins, and soon had them under control. Of course, all these animals that had either been saddled or driven to the wagon had to go thru several "breakings" before they were considered safe to be put to the usual farm work.

Charley Underwood, hunter, trapper, plainman, cowboy, was here, there and everywhere. If a particularly bad horse was found, the other fellows failing to rope it, he always did so at the first cast of his rope. When a horse had thrown several riders, he was the last to mount, and when he did, he invariably rode the horse to a standstill. Forty years spent in the free and open places of the great West had not been spent in vain.

It must be remembered that the Blackfoot ranch is considered the largest in the state of Idaho, covering an area of thirty thousand acres. At times the number of sheep reaches the amazing total of twenty thousand head, which

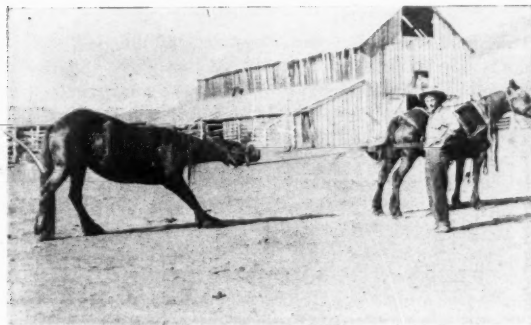


Blackfoot Ranch—An Oasis in the Desert.



necessitates the employment of from fifteen to twenty herders, at a salary of \$100 per month, including board. So, in spite of the fact that the herder's calling is considered a lowly one, he still makes better wages than some of his city brothers who do harder work.

Fifteen to twenty cowboys are employed the year around, but when the annual roundup comes, in June and



Never Felt the Touch of Saddle or Harness.

September, about forty men are required to handle the cattle, it takes about thirty days to get them all rounded up and driven to the branding pens. About 600 calves are branded at each roundup.

At sheep shearing time, in June, many of the cowboys are employed to shear, which is done in a great shed, where they are sheared, then driven out at another end of the shed. Each sheep grows about eight pounds of wool, which brings fancy figures at the woolen mills.

During the winter the cattle and sheep keep close to the ranch, as all the natural food is covered with the deep snows. In order to feed this great number, twelve large sleds are used in hauling hay to them. It is at this time when the great gray wolves give the stockmen the greatest trouble, as well as the coyotes. After these animals have thinned out most all the smaller game, they invariably come closer to the ranches where they are always sure of getting a calf, even in the day time. But at night is when they play the greatest havoc. In many cases they will kill just for the lust to kill, leaving several animals lying around untouched, except being hamstrung or a great ragged gash at the throat.

In many cases the animals are hurt so badly that they have to be shot. Sometimes they are left with a broken leg, or are so badly mangled that their death is but a matter of a few hours, unless their death were hastened by a well directed bullet.

The coyotes invariably go for the throat when pulling down an animal, while the wolves first hamstring them, then go for the throat. I have never seen a case of this, but Charley told me it was a common occasion for him to end the sufferings of the animals they had wounded in this manner.

One winter, when the hay crop was insufficient to feed all the livestock on the ranch, over three hundred head of cattle perished. But what is a loss like that when the total number runs into many thousands? All ranchers of the west have to be prepared for just such things. The snow is too deep to get around in without the use of snowshoes and skis, and it seems as though the wild animals which frequent the hills about the ranch seem to know this, as it is when the snows are deepest when they get in their most deadly work. They will even pull down livestock within sight and in broad daylight, but they seem to know just how far to keep out of range of the high power rifles of the cowboys. Charley told me that he had been using a 22 Hi-Power Savage,

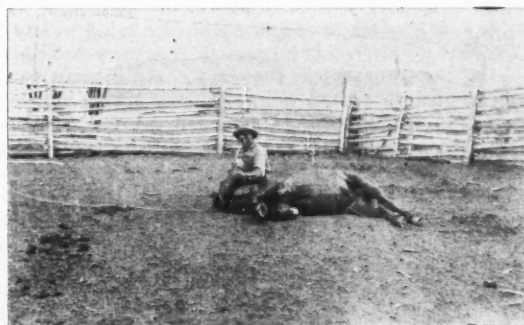
but even with that he could not reach them, and when he changed to a 30-40 U. S. Winchester, he had better luck. He is of the opinion that when a wolf or coyote sees the flash or hears the report of a rifle, it will jump to one side, thus spoiling the hunter's aim. He told me that he never succeeded in shooting one of these animals when they were expecting to be shot at, although his son, Harrell, succeeded in outwitting a coyote which he saw sitting on a knoll, watching him. He left his coat and hat lying on the ground, making his way thru a deep gully, coming out near where the animal was still watching his coat and hat, with the result that the animal was taken unawares, and killed at the first shot.

It was early in July when I reached the ranch, and while the days were quite hot, as soon as the sun sank behind the hills, it became cold, so cold that sometimes a fire had to be made in the bunkhouse. And in the morning, I'd get out of bunk with my teeth clicking together. And the water that gushed from a spring near the ranch house was as cold as if it had been drawn from an ice-filled cooler.

All that day I had done nothing more than wander around with a rifle, shooting gophers, which seemed to be everywhere, and in my wanderings came near the river, and there I saw what I had been waiting for. Now and then a small grayish colored insect would skim close to the surface of the stream, sometimes striking the water. Now these insects are called "willow flies," and when these flies make their appearance old trout fishermen tell me that they bring the trout with them, at least the trout seem to have awakened from their long sleep. And as I watched these insects, there was a splash a short distance from me, and out of the waters, its sides shining like silver in the bright sunlight, leaped one of the famous Blackfoot river trout; then another, and another.

And this is just what I had been waiting for, as Dave Morgan, the foreman of the ranch had told me to wait, as he knew almost to the very day when the flies would come, for he was a fisherman, every inch of him, in spite of the fact that most of his life has been spent as foreman of some of the largest livestock concerns in the west. A great many strange things have happened to me as a fisherman and hunter, but up to this time nothing like that morning along the Blackfoot.

As I said, the "willow flies" were what the trout were after, so I took from my fly book, an exact representa-



Holding Down an Outlaw.

tion of one of them, which I fastened to my line. It has always been a rule with me, just as it is with other knowing fishermen, to soak my leader before beginning actual fishing, as a dry one is liable to snap off very easily. In order to do this I cast my line into the river about five feet from me, and it had no sooner touched the water than a trout that seemed to be there waiting,

took the fly and made off with it so quick that the line in some way became caught at the very tip, breaking the line agate guide, became so tangled that the line could not be pulled from the reel. All scientific methods had to be done away with at a time like this, so all I could do was to hold on to the rod and let the trout fight until exhausted. And I realized, too, that it was



Blackfoot River Trout.

an uncommonly large one, as I never had one pull like that one did. When it leaped from the water in a vain endeavor to loosen the hook, I saw it was one weighing about three pounds, but how he did fight, and how my heart did thump. The very essence of life seemed to tingle through my veins. And after I sat down on the bank with my prize at my side, I wondered how it all happened, how I ever managed to land that trout in such a manner.

And up and down the river, the trout were jumping after the "willow flies," which were always out early in the morning, with but a few stragglers to be seen after the sun had risen very high.

But I was in no hurry. I had outgrown that stage. I sat there on the bank and let my leader soak for ten minutes, then I was ready for action, as the tip had been replaced with a new one and was ready for anything that the Blackfoot would give up.

After about fifteen casts had been made without a strike, I had begun to wonder what was the matter with them. After all, they seemed to have suddenly forsaken the "willow flies," and the tradition of ages had been shattered.

For, if they were not satisfied with the bait I had been offering them, all I could do was to give them something new. In cases like that I always took a small brass spoon or spinner, with a bright yellow bucktail attached, but this time I took off the yellow and put on a gray one. The first cast brought a strike, but failed to land. After that most every cast was a strike, and my creel began to grow heavy, as it does not take many of those Blackfoot trout (weighing anywhere from a pound to six pounds) to fill a creel. So at eight o'clock that morning, I had caught sixteen of the prettiest trout I ever saw. Having enough, and the lust of killing not being in me, after catching a few more, all of which were returned to the water, I returned to the ranch, where a good breakfast was waiting for me. I am not one of those fishermen who catch trout as long as they are caught, so I decided to stay around the ranch until late in the evening before going down to the river again. Even if the trout were still rising to the fly, what would have been the use of catching them? Charley was delighted with the fine showing I had made that morning as he had begun to think I was a novice at the game, whereas, I had been a dyed-in-the-wool trout fisherman for the past ten years,

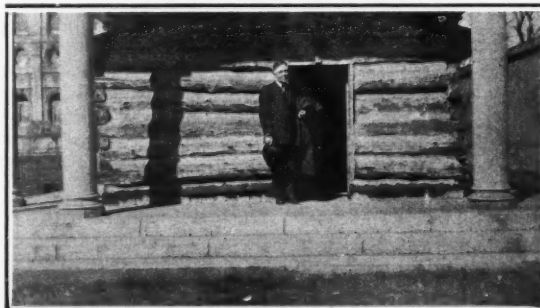
and was well versed in trout lore. He was of the opinion that I knew no more about trout fishing than catching catfish away back in my boyhood days.

He had been fearful, too, that I had doubted the tales he had told me of the excellent fishing to be had in the Blackfoot, and my failure to catch any the first days I had been there made him think I had grown tired of trying and would go farther up the river where fishing was said to be better.

That same morning the foreman and his son had to make a trip to what is known as the Upper Ranch, also owned and controlled by the same parties that own the Blackfoot Ranch. It was about ten miles north of the main ranch, and was reached by a fairly good road. The trip there and back was made by a huge truck, which was used to haul supplies to and from town, as well as between the two ranches. On the way to this ranch, the road ran close to the river, and in some places there was just room enough for the truck to pass between the river and the foot of the mountains, and in one case the truck had to take to the river in order to avoid great boulders that had fallen from the mountain's side during one of the snowslides which are so common in the spring of the year. On the way, several great herds of sheep were passed, while here and there a badger peeped at us from his den close to the road, and twice a coyote stood on a nearby knoll watching us.

Prairie chicken and sage hens seemed to be all around us, even running along the road in front of us. At one place where there were a great many young chickens, "Snuce," the driver, jumped out and caught several with his hands. After the ranch was reached, I took my fishing rod and went to the river which flowed along close to the house, and in less than half an hour, had landed eight fine trout. As soon as I entered the bunk house I noticed that something was wrong with the boys, for, instead of lolling around, either lying on their bunks or the floor, they were standing in a group, talking rather excitedly. I learned from Charley that during the afternoon one of the boys while riding around looking after the cattle and fixing the fences, had stopped at the home of one of the new settlers who had come to these parts about a year ago. It was known that this man was very brutal toward his wife and children, and while the Blackfoot boys had warned him on several occasions about going too far, he never gave any notice to their warnings.

When entering the house the first thing that Ike saw was the wife lying on a bunk with a badly bruised face;



The Oldest Cabin in Utah.

however she could not, or would not tell him how it happened, but Ike knew that it could have been caused only by a blow from a fist. The husband was not at home, it seemed, or had hidden when he saw Ike's approach. So, after making several more fruitless efforts to have the wife divulge the whereabouts of her husband, he mounted and started toward the ranch.

After riding about a mile from the house, he saw the two children of the rancher, and after talking to them a few minutes about school and other tidings, he began talking to them about their mother, and soon learned that their father had struck her in the face, not once, but several times.

That was enough for Ike. At the supper table that evening he told the boys it was time for action, and it was not long before he had them agitated to such an extent that they all wanted to start for the scene of the assault at once. However, he managed to control them until dark when we all mounted and rode off, Charley and I going with them. Arriving at the cabin, one of the boys dismounted and knocked at the door which was soon opened by the man we were after. He was told that he had to leave his wife alone, hereafter, or take the consequences, and was given twenty-four hours to go to town and take what punishment was due him from the justice of the peace who was cognizant of what had happened.

And he was warned, too, that if he didn't do as we said we would give him another visit, when he would not get off as easy as he had this time. All his remonstrances and excuses were ignored, for, when these sturdy riders of the plains speak they do not waste



A Few of Thousands.

words, and in their eyes, the man who will deliberately mistreat his wife, is committing the cardinal sin of the prairies.

The second night after this episode, we all went back and found he had paid no attention to our threats, as he was still at home, and had refused to open the door when the spokesman of the party demanded he should come out and give himself up. After a short discussion it was decided that we enter by force, Ike going to the closed door, saying that we would give him five minutes. After this time had passed, and he refused to open the door, the boys all got in a bunch, and by their combined strength succeeded in bursting it open. The culprit showed fight, and was in the act of reaching for his rifle which stood in a corner of the room, but before he could do so, was knocked off his feet by a blow from one of Ike's clenched fists. During all this time, and during the scuffle which ensued in binding him, the wife and children did not show the least remonstrance—no doubt being glad of the way in which the husband and father was being treated.

No doubt, you have at some time heard of the old Indian method of torture, that of tying a captive over one of the great ant hills which are so common on the prairies, then arousing the ants so that they come pouring forth in an endless stream, attacking the first thing they come across. It is said that if the carcass of a coyote is laid across one of these hills, nothing will be left

of it except the fur and the polished bones after a few days have passed. Of course, the boys had no intentions of carrying out their threat, however it had been prearranged that they would talk among themselves so that the culprit would get an inkling of what would happen to him in case he repeated the crime of wife-beating.

This talk had the desired effect, as he soon began begging for mercy, promising he'd never lay hands on his wife or children again. The boys, being satisfied with his earnestness, after a few more warnings, mounted and slowly rode back to the ranch under the star-studded skies of Idaho, singing the favorite song of the cowboys: "Oh, Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie."

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, I'm a nomad, a vagabond, and have no place to call home, and if I have nothing but the skies above me as a roof I'm satisfied. But those days at the Blackfoot Ranch surely did seem home-like. Every one showed me the utmost courtesy, and even the sheep-herders who came in for supplies extended me their hands in welcome. This spirit of hospitality is general throughout the West and so conspicuous by its absence in the East. Here your past is not questioned, and you are placed upon an equal footing with those about you.

\* \* \* \* \*

And, although the "willow flies" had disappeared, the trout still took the bait eagerly, but I soon became tired of fishing the same waters near the ranch, so, one afternoon, decided to ride up the river about three miles, in the truck that was going to the Upper Ranch, getting out at a place which Charlie said was considered the best place on the river, but known only to a few.

Charley had not exaggerated in the least, for I had not fished more than an hour before I had my creel filled. I could have caught more and carried them by stringing them on a branch, but such fishing is not in me, as I believe in leaving some for the other fellow. Besides, my skill as a trout fisherman had already been demonstrated to the boys of the ranch, who no longer looked upon me as a novice at the game.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time and time again I have lugged my camera along with me in hopes of getting a picture of the unusual, but no such thing has happened as yet, but every time I have left it behind, the unusual has invariably happened. Three years ago, while on the Grand Mesa, in Colorado, at an altitude of eleven thousand feet, a mountain lion crossed the path in front of me, stopped and stared at me a few moments, then silently passed into the dense wood.

Now, what would you do if you came face to face with one of these animals, alone, on the prairies or in the mountains? You certainly would be scared, wouldn't you? Especially so if you weren't versed in the habits and characteristics of those sneaking cowards which are so plentiful in Idaho.

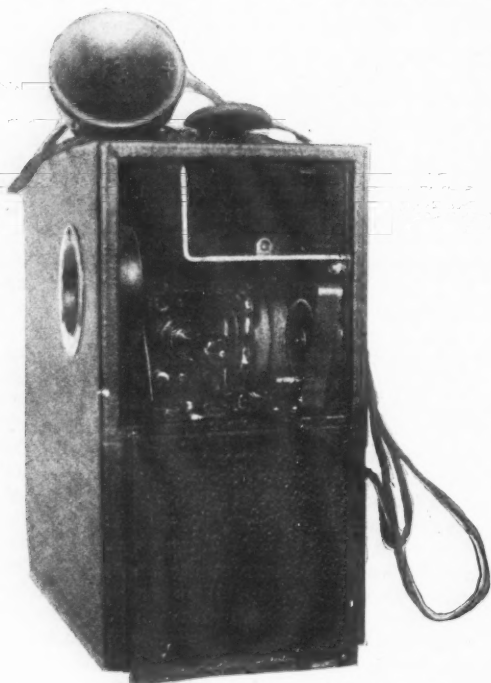
I was surprised, scared, too, but I knew very well that these animals never attack a man unless severely wounded or actually starving. And there I was, alone, unarmed, and that lion, sitting there across the river about twenty-five yards from me, seemed no more alarmed than I was. I confess, however, that my mind was overpowered with conflicting emotions, longing for my camera, then for my rifle, and I wondered how long the suspense would last. Mechanically, I reached in my coat pocket for the mak-in's of a cigarette, deliberately rolled it and placed it in my mouth, watching the animal in the meantime, and when I struck a match to light it, the animal made one jump and was gone. Then I made my way for the open places mighty quick, glancing over my shoulder quite often, but after reaching the road to the ranch, and not till then, did I feel perfectly at ease.



The mountain lion is a sneak and a rank coward. He won't attack anything openly, not even a woodmouse. He lies in ambush and springs out on his victim with two or three noiseless jumps. On the weaker animals he may use his teeth as a weapon, but he usually tries to break the neck with a blow from his paw. Ranchmen poison and trap the animal in great numbers, but lots of them still roam the foothills and valleys of the Rockies. When they get into a sheepfold they are not content with one sheep, but will kill nearly a hundred in a few minutes. They are a silent, noiseless beast, but at seasons give voice to piercing, terrifying screams. Mountain lion kittens are born one to three at a time, in caves, or in dense brush, and are at first covered with black spots and stripes and have ringed tails, but as they mature these markings disappear. The male will kill the kittens if he gets a chance, and the mother often has desperate fights with him in consequence.

## Deaf to Hear With Aid of New Device

In a remarkable demonstration conducted recently by the Chicago League for the Hard of Hearing, a unique device, invented by Earl C. Hanson, was successfully tested. With the



A close-up of the new Vactuphone, invented by Earl C. Hanson, which will enable the Hard of Hearing to hear.  
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aid of the Hanson device persons, who depend on loud talking and lip-reading to hear or understand others distinctly heard every word said during the demonstration.

The device, which is known as The Vactuphone, includes an amplifier, a large sounding box and a telephone receiver. The amplifier's secret is a vacuum tube perfected by costly experiments at government and Western Electric laboratories.

Mr. Hanson is also the inventor of the device which enables vessels to enter port in a fog by picking up vibrations from a cable stretched along the bottom of the channel. This latter device was tested recently in New York. The accompanying photograph shows the new Hanson Vactuphone.



## ATLANTA

**EIGHTH TRIENNIAL CONVENTION  
National Fraternal Society of the  
Deaf**

July 11-16, 1921

### Special One and One-Half Railroad Fare Rate, Atlanta and Return

The Central, Southeastern, Western, Southwestern and Trunk Line Associations, acting for their respective territories, have granted one and one-half fare for the round trip for Atlanta convention on the CERTIFICATE PLAN on condition that not less than 350 holders of properly issued certificates are in attendance at the convention.

When purchasing a railroad ticket mention the convention of National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and ASK FOR A CERTIFICATE. Do not ask for a receipt.

Here's your opportunity and do not hesitate to grasp it and visit the Sunny South—land of mammoth watermelons, peaches, sugar canes, etc.

### COME!

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## The British Deaf Times

An illustrated magazine—newspaper for the Deaf. Published every two months. Edited by Joseph Hepworth.

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Independent, Interesting, Outspoken,  
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Send a picture post card for specimen copy.

### The British Deaf Times,

25 Windsor Place, Cardiff, England

# In the World of the Deaf

Compiled by Ada Studt

The Lynn frats have a Silent Athletic Club, and now the Boston, boys are getting ready to start one. Here's wishing them the best of luck and success.

In Sicily, the language of signs is universal. It is perfectly possible for a Sicilian to carry on a long conversation from a distance with the hands, eyebrows, lips, and even nostrils.—*Clipping*.

Joe Brandal, a Wisconsin deaf man who has traveled from place to place, working at his trade as linotype operator, says there is a scarcity of good operators, consequently their services are in great demand.

Glen Smith is a deaf wrestler who plies his profession for the McKinley Park playground in Chicago, wrestling with all comers, partly to afford entertainment and partly to give instruction.—*Hawkeye*.

Mr. Warren M. Smaltz will study for the priesthood in the fall at the Episcopal Divinity School. It is a matter of relief and pleasure to the Rev. C. O. Dantzer who is very much in need of able assistants in his work.—*Mt. Airy World*.

There has been a great deal of talk about establishing a magazine for the deaf and in our opinion the *Silent Worker* fills the bill. Its make-up and subject matter shows it to be one of the best periodicals ever produced in the interests of the deaf.—*Oregon Outlook*.

James Jelinke is head baker at Kuenes' Bakery. He is also a master baker. His specialty is fancy cakes. There's nothing small about him when it comes to putting on the filling for layer cakes, or covering them with frosting. And they are as good to the taste as they look, too.—*Nebraska Journal*.

According to the Virginia Guide, Claude Miller, of Bridgewater, Virginia, owns a fine farm with splendid buildings, is happily married, and has a five-year old boy that he thinks is all-around perfection.

(We note here and there all over the country the deaf are owning fine farms.)

The call back to the farm has lured Mr. S. C. Jones from the schoolroom and print shop of the Virginia School. After serving as teacher and instructor in printing there for 23 years he retires at the close of the term to go on his farm, as the Guide says, "to work when he pleases, loaf when he pleases, and go fishing often."—*Hawkeye*.

Melvin Davidson has gone to Mexico while he enjoys sight-seeing, he wishes to see what he can do. He will likely visit certain mines, owned by American parties, particularly the one owned by Colonel Burns who, while Secretary of State in California, had for his deputy Mr. J. C. Harlan, one of our pioneer graduates.—*Calif. News*.

Many older graduates and ex-pupils of the Mississippi School may be interested to know that Philip Mosby, his wife and two pretty daughters live in Denver. Mr. Mosby still pursues his old craft, stone mason. He is the man who did the lettering on the Jefferson Davis monument at the Confederate Park, south of the old capital in Jackson, Miss.—*Mississippian*.

We learn that Miss Edith Fitzgerald of the Wisconsin School has resigned and gone to Louisiana to accept a place in the school at Baton Rouge at an advance in salary. Miss Fitzgerald has made a reputation as a very successful teacher of backward pupils and her paper at the Mt. Airy Convention last summer attracted very favorable attention and comment.—*Hawkeye*.

Mr. Michael Hamra of New Haven, Conn., who graduated from our school with the class of 1918, is reported as having a printing office in his home town and is in the printing business for himself. He learned the business in our printing office under Mr. Walter Durian and this speaks well for the excellent training he received therein.—*New Era*.

The many friends of Mr. Eugene Hogle, instructor in carpentry will be pleased at the announcement of his non-acceptance of an offer to go overseas to Albania and superintend the construction of a large industrial building. Mr. Hogle will be actively engaged in construction operations in Daytona this coming summer.—*Florida Herald*.

Our deaf circles extend a hearty welcome to two new additions, Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Fancher of Kentucky. Mr. Fancher, a former student at Gallaudet and more recently a band director at Good-year, has established his own garage business, next to Brizius' tonsorial parlor here. Some day you may hear of a deaf band here. Let's hope so.—*Evansville Correspondent in Silent Hoosier*.

It will be of interest to the friends of Samuel M. Lawton, a former pupil of the State school for the Deaf and Blind of South Carolina, to know that he is now a student at the Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Ky. A recent report from the Seminary says that Mr. Lawton is one of the most popular young students, and that he is ranking among the leaders of his class.—*Palmetto Leaf*.

The alumni should be proud of the fact that one of its boys is considered one of the best players in the state. This refers to Mr. Lawrence Cranford, a graduate in the class of 1918 and who is now boys' supervisor in the Mississippi School. He is coach of the 1921 school baseball team and they have played four match games, three of which they have won. Much credit for this is due to Mr. Cranford's instructions.—*Mississippian*.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Baum motor-ed to Calhoun, Mo., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hudspeth, nee Wood, last November. They found a cute baby boy that arrived to Mr. and Mrs. Hudspeth, last October. The latter was Youne Hayes a former student at Fulton. They are getting along very well on the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hudspeth bought 60 acres last fall. They moved there on March 1.—*Missouri Record*.

Last November Henry Baum sold out his hardware business. His tin shop had to be moved to another place for a while. One month after, he bought a nice building for tin shop purposes. January 1, he sold one-half of his shop stock to Edgar W., his son and formed a firm, known as "Baum & Son." The building was remodeled before the moving February 25, and it is one of the nicest shops in the central part of western Missouri.

That yellowish squib that somehow got into the *British Deaf Times* lately anent pupils in American schools being branded or labeled on the back of the neck is at last explained. You see, most of our pupils have their names sewed into the neckbands of their shirts, and doubtless the correspondent of the *Times* in attempting to report this custom, so strange in the eyes of a Britisher, started the story.—*Ex*.

In returning a card such as was sent to a number of the alumni, Mrs. Ernest Levy gives us the following interesting information concerning her husband: "He excels in all sports and in his younger days was such an excellent ball player that his home runs are a matter of local history. He does fancy shooting with a rifle—often shooting five partridges on the first rise. He has won the Dupont trophy for breaking 99 out of a hundred targets at the trap.—*Messenger Ala*.

Talking about hog raising, we'll wager anybody will have to get up early to get ahead of Mr. Joe Thompson of Beach, Miss. One, he recently killed, weighed 510 pounds after it was dressed. He says he is very busy just now preparing to get his crops in early, and he believes we have a good crop year ahead. His two little sons, Felix and Jimmie, are growing as fast as anything else on the farm and will soon be big enough to help their dad with the chores.—*Mississippian*.

Mr. Joseph Ledden is busy between his studies at the Mechanics Institute and his vaudeville work on the stage. He is appearing before clubs and at private entertainments and occasionally on the theatre stage in large towns near Rochester. He is rapidly forging ahead as a clever sleight-of-hand performer and card manipulator, and has been filling so many weekly engagements that it may soon become necessary for him to engage the services of a manager.

In a previous issue we mentioned the typhoid scare supposed to be due to some contagion in the city water. A chemical examination of samples of our water supply was later made by Mr. D. C. Picard of Birmingham, the best qualified chemist that the state department of health could find for the purpose, and the result of his tests were that the water was found to be so pure that the city was congratulated on its supply. Mr. Picard is a graduate of the Louisiana School for the Deaf, Gallaudet College and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

—Alabama Messenger.

R. Wallace Williams, who graduated from this school in 1890 and from Gallaudet College in 1895, has been appointed editor of the TIMES to succeed Mr. Larsen who has resigned. His appointment will no doubt meet with the hearty approval of the alumni.

Mrs. Williams will be remembered as Helen May of the class of 1894. At present Mrs. Williams remains in Madison in charge of a house there that Mr. Williams recently bought. We hope that both will see fit to take up their residence here in Delavan, where they will be sure of a royal welcome by the local deaf people.—Wisconsin Times.

The *Companion* concurs with the opinion of J. F. Meagher vented in the February Silent Worker in opposition to the spending of money on monuments with which to honor our great dead. He says that "the monument and memorial business has been overworked." Maybe it has, but hardly among the deaf, for the only monument fund we know of among us at present is the one to replace that of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. And the memorial fund known as the Edward Miner Gallaudet Fund is not for a monument at all, but for a building to be erected on Kendall Green, and a very useful building it will be, too, if the alumni of the college get down to such consistent giving as to make it a reality.—Alabama Messenger.

Mr. Eugene Bradley, who was with the Million Dollar League last year, has signed a contract for a try-out with the Furniture Makers this season, it was announced by President Arthur Lyon, some time ago. The contract has already been received at the headquarters of the local club. Bradley's home is in Platt City, Alabama. He performs well in either the infield or outer garden and bears the reputation of being a classy ball player. The old time baseball players highly recommended Bradley to President Lyon and Manager Pierce and the local club officers believe that it is the first time in the history of High Point that a man who can neither hear nor talk has signed to play baseball in that city. But the baseball men say that Bradley is of the kind that sometimes play the best game. We hope that he will stick to that league throughout the season and carry with him good marks.—Deaf Citizen.—Durham, N. C.

The following is self-explanatory:

MISS ADA STUDD:—I noticed in your page in the April SILENT WORKER, that Mr. Hubbard possessed a full set of the Bible Stories written by the Elder Gallaudet. They are rare, indeed, now. When his old home was broken up, Mr. Jenkins found in his father's library some of these books. Dr. E. M. Gallaudet was very

grateful to him when he received them as a present, for his own collection was not a full one. Many parents read them out loud to their children on Sundays. They were not written for the deaf alone.

Another clipping from the *California News* speaks of the neglect of the deaf by persons who have risen to fame. It is true of some but many also do not have the chance or run across them. Nor is it true of Gilbert Parker. When he was in Canada he visited the School in Belleville where he was a professor and also presented the School with an oil painting, a portrait of Principal McGaun under whom he worked. The Ballis, of Canada, were guests of his one summer in his English home. In one of his stories he mentions the deaf. MRS. I. V. JENKINS.

H. A. Wittemore, a handsome, well-groomed, prosperous young business man of Menominee, Mich., was sent here by his firm to effect settlement of a disputed freight claim with the Albert Pick Co. Rather an unusual role for a deaf man.

Wittemore reports running two apparently genuine deaf peddlers out of town lately. He made friends with the cops who are glad to bring all such cases to his office for verification before they scare the life out of them. "Suspicious characters," and "peddling without a license" will always serve as perfectly legal excuse for police prosecution of such "Gottistics," states Wittemore. This is a timely hint to live-wire deaf citizens in other small towns. Make friends with the police and they will be only too glad to cooperate when you explain just what you want.

After the Sac "Spider Web" party, Wittemore took a handful of boon companions out for a round of the after-midnight grills near by, where he sprung a new joke worth placing in the Akron collection. States his tank-town friend has a phonograph, and brags he has a record of every known language. Wittemore bet he has not. Bets posted: "What's the language I lack a record of?" "The deaf and dumb language."

The famous Bear Hunt, the group of bronze figures that has stood in front of the educational building for nearly thirty years, will in all probability be presented to the State of California within a few years, and removed to the capitol grounds at Sacramento. Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, has founded the "Douglas Tilden Association for the Promotion of Art," and is conducting a campaign for members. The object of the Association is to raise money, through membership fees and donations, to purchase the group, build a splendid pedestal and present the whole work of art to the state.

The group is life size and was exhibited at the Paris Salon, Chicago World's Fair, and Hopkins Institute of Art, and was then removed to this school where thousands of people have gazed at it intently, as though, by some stranger magic of realization, they could see the living struggle between man and beast—the California Indian hunter and the fierce grizzly bear of the high Sierras.

We shall be very sorry to part with the statue which has no doubt helped to spread the name and the fame of our beloved school and our beautiful city. A visit to Berkeley is considered incomplete, even with her many splendid attractions, without having seen the Bear Hunt.

But in presenting the group to the State, the people could not wish for a

more appropriate location than a fitting spot within.—California News.

In debating the question as to whether the linotype is an indispensable adjunct to the printing office the Deaf Oklahoman asks: "Is it true that deaf linotype operators have difficulty in finding work at their trade?" Our answer to that question is that while it may be true that the deaf are discriminated against in certain localities, a competent deaf linotypist as a rule finds work as readily as any other. A number of our graduates are earning good pay at the linotype, although they received their training after leaving school. One of these has held down good jobs as a manipulator of the keys in many cities, all the way from the southmost state to the Canadian border and could no doubt travel all over the United States on his ability as a linotypist. Just the other day a deaf linotype operator in Atlanta confided to us that his employer had "fired" two hearing operators for inefficiency, at the same time handing him a bouquet for his satisfactory work. The linotype in our office is much more than an ornament, we assure you, and there must be something wrong with the foreman (rather than with the machines in any office of which as much cannot be said. Ask Mr. Porter of the Silent Worker.—Ala. Messenger.

A short time ago, there appeared in *Popular Science Monthly* a picture of a girl in her teens, with a man tattooing a name and number on her neck. The inscription announced that it was a method adopted by Institutions for the Deaf to prevent deaf-mutes from getting lost.

Principal Gardner of the New York Institution wrote a letter of inquiry to *Popular Science Monthly*, in an effort to identify the individual who practiced tattooing of deaf-mutes, adding "I can not believe that such a practice ever existed in this State or country."

The associate editor, J. Bigger, replied as follows:—

"I have a letter from the photographers from whom we obtained the picture of the deaf and dumb child having its name and address put on its neck. This Company states that the photograph was taken in Berlin. This information is somewhat vague, but I imagine it is the best we can do."

Unfortunately for deaf-mutes the picture has told its story throughout the land. There is no use in chasing it, for no one could ever catch up. This is one of the handicaps that accompanies the condition of deafness. We must suffer from misrepresentation and misunderstanding. The National Association of the Deaf is doing its best by active aggression to rout the fakirs who pander to morbid curiosity and exploit deafness for the money it pulls from the pockets of those who can be worked to the maudlin stage of sympathy.—Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

#### "MUTE" TALKS TO GET RUM

Chester, Pa., March 16.—Paul J. Stone, 1801 Arch. street, was arrested Monday night for begging upon city highways where he passed as a mute. He nodded a dignified reproval when Turnkey Hamilton offered to lodge him. He lost his poise when Hamilton asked him: "How about a little drink of redevy before you go to sleep?" Stone blurted forth, "Betcherlife" and yesterday he was given thirty days in the Media jail.—State Gazette.



## GAS KILLS WOMAN DEAF AND DUMB.

Mrs. Sarah Nash, fifty-five, of 291 North Seventh Street, was found dead in her room yesterday from the effects of gas.

County Physician Warren, who viewed the body, said death was accidental. A jet in the room was partly opened. The police believe the aged woman, who had suffered from an injured right hand, neglected to turn off the gas completely before she retired Tuesday night. Mrs. Nash boarded with Mrs. Mortimer Van Moppes, and was employed in Red Cross work. She was deaf and dumb.—*Newark, N. J., Star-Eagle.*

## DR. SHUFORD REAPPOINTED.

On February 5, 1921, the State Board of Control announced the reappointment of Dr. Felix B. Shuford as Superintendent of this school. Dr. Shuford therefore enters upon his second term March 1, after having successfully completed the first two years of his incumbency. As is well known in the profession, not many superintendents of the Texas School have been retained when there has been a change in the state administration, and it augurs well for Dr. Shuford that he has received this distinction. He is no longer a new man to the profession, as his work here for the past two years and his attendance at the Mt. Airy Convention last summer have brought him into contact with the leaders in our work.

—*Lone Star.*

## AGRICULTURE AT THE INDIANA SCHOOL.

Agriculture has been often named as the ideal occupation for the deaf. The Indiana School has started to teach it to the pupils from the rural districts. In a recent issue, the *Silent Hoosier* says:

The most promising addition to our industrial work is in the line of agriculture. We are securing the cooperation of Purdue University and what we do, we want to do by the most approved, scientific methods. We have forty acres of farm land in addition to the campus. From the barns of the State Fair Grounds we can get all the fertilizers we need to insure a rich soil. The garbage from the kitchen will go far toward feeding a good drove of pigs and chickens. We ought to be able to keep at least 10 to 12 milk cows. We have every opportunity to experiment and to demonstrate a great variety of agricultural problems.

## GOOD NEWS.

The deaf are being called back to Goodyear. Several of the boys from here have had telegrams. It was good news to them. Dallar Hooper stopped to tell us as he passed by and he said it made him happy. We could see that he was happy. This kind of news always makes one happy.

Solomon said: "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

It is sincerely hoped all the boys will save their money this time. They have had the experience and know that a day of idleness will come. Every one should save a portion of his earnings and put it away for a future day. If the boys could only have their large wages again which they had before they could save a great deal of money but the wages are reduced, still they are happy to go. The deaf in Goodyear had a good time. They had a

community of their own, yet they were thoroughly mixed with the hearing people. This helped both classes.—*Ohio Chronicle.*

## WE GOT THE CUP.

At the county track meet last week our school scored enough points to take the cup, which was in possession of the Sulphur High School this last year and of the Davis High School the previous year. This is quite a victory in view of the fact that our school is unable to take part in a number of events which contribute toward securing the cup and which are allowed many points, such as spelling, declamations, oral story telling, instrumental music, singing by glee clubs, etc. On account of these heavy odds against us we never had much hope of winning the cup until this year. One literary event, however, we could and did take part in, and that was essay writing. There were five subjects for the committee to select from and the one selected was, "The Value of Athletics." One of our young men, Goode Macready, took part in this and carried off the honors. This is indeed remarkable, as our pupils labor under a handicap in literary work when compared with the hearing. The Sulphur High School has been in possession of the cup most of the time since Murray County has had an athletic association. Hereafter they will have in O. S. D. a competitor that will try their mettle severely.—*Deaf Oklahoman.*

## BLIND AND DEAF AT 23, YOUTH MAKES A NAME AS AN AUTHOR.

MINNEAPOLIS—When you pick up a popular magazine and read in it a story or poem by Lindsay Lucas, you have no idea of the handicaps under which it was written.

Neither has the editor who purchased it.

Lucas, at 23, is both blind and deaf. He supports himself by his writings and they sell readily, although he has told none of his editors of his afflictions.

Three years ago, he was one of the brightest pupils at a Minneapolis high school, in his sophomore year. Then bursting of minute blood vessels nourishing the optic nerve rendered him blind. Six months later hearing left him.

He didn't quit. He started instead to make the best of things. He has mastered the Braille and the New York system of reading for the blind and has read every book available for the blind in his state.

He swims, skates and enjoys long tramps in the open between the times he works on poems and stories.

Among his poems, widely published are: "Circus Time," "The Adventures of the Keewanis," "The Strange Wood Folk," and "The Brute of the Northland."—*Gazette, Green Bay, Wis.*

## SOME THINGS NOT TO FEAR.

Don't be afraid to hustle; be glad of the chance.

Don't be afraid to tell the truth. It is a part of honor.

Don't be afraid to work. It is healthful physical and mental exercise.

Don't be afraid to go out of the way to do a good turn for a friend.

Don't be afraid of failure. Keep on though you fall a dozen times.

Don't be afraid to change your opinion, but be careful how you do it.

Don't be afraid of playing the game honestly. Honesty always wins.

Don't be afraid to forget work at times. Your work will be better for it.

Don't be afraid to obey. A man must learn to obey before he can hope to command.

Don't be afraid of difficult undertakings. Be glad of the opportunity to show your mettle.—*Selected.*

## A DEAF BOY'S PRAYER

He was such a little tot,

The youngest in the school that year,

And as he knelt beside his cot,

I drew near that I might hear

What his baby lips were saying,

For I saw that he was praying.

Only three words, the names of his toys,

Had he been taught to say,

But he had watched the other boys

As they knelt each night to pray,

And his little soul, in darkness bound,

Was seeking the light the others had found.

Surely, on the breath of angels borne,

The prayer he uttered ascended above,

And the Christ, who pitied the lambs

newly shorn,

Looked down on the child with wondrous love,

These words I heard, all he knew,

"A fish, a top, a shoe."

The question regarding the oldest school paper has been answered. Last week the *Advance* was issued with a first-page date reading May 21, 1291.—*Ill. Advance.*

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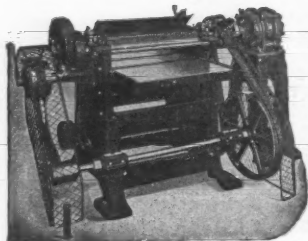
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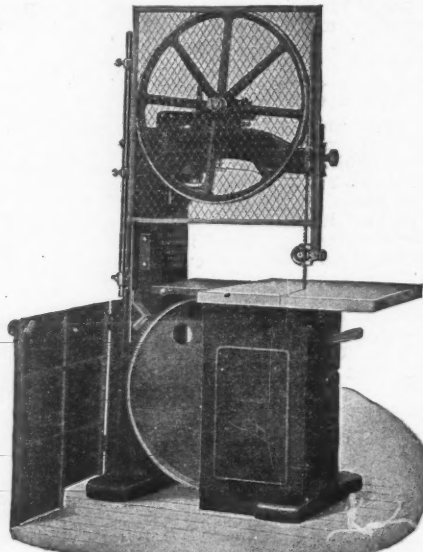
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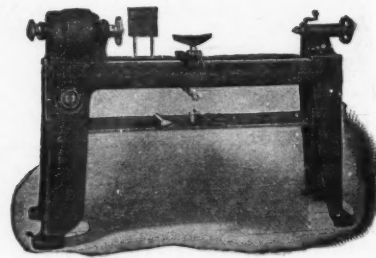
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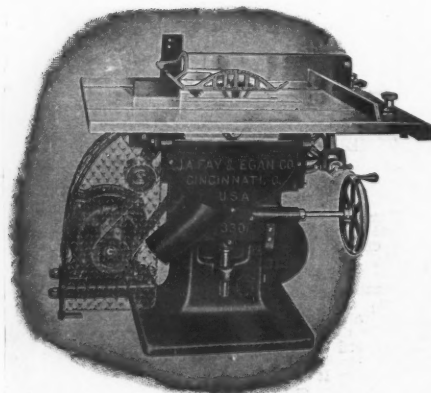
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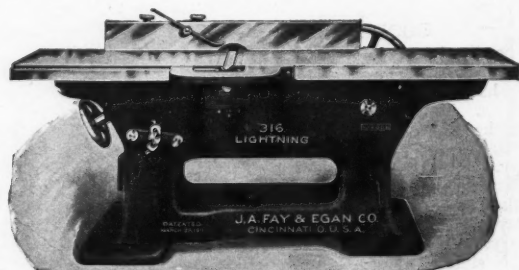
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